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THE INFLUENCE OF MANUFACTURES, AND THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

THE most important branch of public policy advocated by the Whig party, is doubtless that of the Protective System, or the encouragement of American Industry by the enactment of well-arranged revenue laws. Without protection, we hold that it is impossible for a full development of the resources of the country to be made. The real wealth of a nation consists in its industry; in its availing itself of its capital, skill, and labor, to the full development of all its natural endowments, and its general moral and physical advantages, resulting as well from the genius of its people, as from its peculiar position and institutions.

The tariff of 1828, notwithstanding its defects, introduced for political effect, was eminently protective in its character, and under its auspices the country enjoyed several years of prosperity; which were however interrupted, and many industrial interests finally prostrated, by the operation of the compromise tariff of 1833. But it was reserved for the Whig majority in the Congress of 1842 to devise and enact what may be considered, beyond all question, the best tariff law we have ever had. That tariff was comprised in a bill brought into the House of Representatives by the present President of the United States, who was then Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

It was then made a party measure, being supported by the Whigs generally in both Houses of Congress, and opposed by the Democrats as a party, with few exceptions, principally from Pennsylvania. The wants of the Treasury, and perhaps other reasons, obtained for the bill the signature of John Tyler, then President of the United States, who had previously returned with his veto, to the same Congress, two tariff bills which recognized the principle of protection. Under the tariff of 1842, all the varied interests of agriculture, manufactures and commerce were wisely protected; and it is believed that no period in the annals of this country exhibits greater evidences and proofs of prosperity than the four years while that great Whig measure was in full force and effect.

During the term of the first Congress under Mr. Polk's administration, the evil genius of the country prevailed, and after a severe party struggle the tariff of 1846, at present in operation, and the emanation of the mind of Robert J. Walker, then Secretary of the Treasury, was enacted. Party triumphed over the real interests of the country, and the effects which were predicted by the friends of protection have been already experienced. The war with Mexico, the discovery and product of gold in California,

and the famine in Ireland which created an extraordinary demand for our breadstuffs, have checked the progress of the evil effects inevitably resulting from the partial withdrawal of protection by the tariff of 1846; but it cannot be denied that a paralysis has taken place in many branches of industry. But slow progress has been made in cotton manufactures and other branches of industry, which were flourishing under the tariff of 1842; indeed, many of them have been since conducted, as is well known, with loss to the proprietors, and those infantile manufactures which, under the Whig tariff laws, were springing into existence, have been suppressed. The withdrawal of adequate protection from railroad iron has caused the general suspension of the domestic manufacture of that important article, and millions of dollars have been and are still being paid to Great Britain, for the iron for the extensive lines of railroads in this country, many of which pass in the immediate vicinity of iron mines, awaiting the hand of labor to be worked, for the benefit of various branches of industry.

The immense importations of foreign merchandise into this country, in consequence of the encouragement held out by the present tariff, are now beginning to be severely felt by the commercial and trading interests, which cannot fail to result in the most ruinous consequences to the country at large; and the low prices to which the staple articles of agriculture have fallen, must convince our farmers and planters that increased importations are not counterbalanced by exportations of produce, notwithstanding the predictions of the late Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker. What, then, is to be the remedy for this downward state of things? We confess that we see none, except in a return to the protective system under which the nation has always prospered, while every approach towards free trade has invariably been disastrous to the best interests of the country. Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the next Congress, in which there will be a decided Democratic majority, it may be hoped that the great agricultural interest of the West will join with the friends of protection in the Atlantic and Middle States, and adopt at least such revisions of the tariff as may have a tendency to restore the waning prosperity of a great

portion of the industrial interests of the country.

It would be easy for us to show, as indeed has been frequently done by others, that the agricultural interests of the country are more benefited by the operations of the protective system than those of any other class. An inquiry into the average profits of the large cotton manufacturing establishments, for instance, for the last twenty years, satisfies us that not more than six or seven per cent. per annum, or equal to simple interest, has been derived from the investments therein, even including those most skilfully managed. The same remark, we believe, will apply to manufactories of wool and iron; and it is well known that the business of these three staple manufactures is now very generally attended with loss to the proprietors. And many establishments are now carried on with the hope that an improvement may soon take place in prices, in consequence of a future diminution of importations of foreign merchandise.

The question of anti-protection or free trade appears to us to involve that of the reduction of wages of the laboring classes in our manufactories to the standard of Europe, which is fifty per cent. lower than the present prices paid in this country; or the destruction of a large portion of the manufacturing establishments in the United States. The amount of capital employed in those manufactures in this country, with which come directly in competition the importations from Europe, considerably exceeds one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and the annual product of the same as much more; and it is a matter of serious consideration whether a market can be found for produce sufficient to pay for an augmented importation of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, besides the present heavy amount of our imports.

The opponents of manufactures, and the friends of free trade, when compelled to admit the pecuniary benefits sometimes resulting to agriculture and other interests, from the introduction of manufactures, continue to revive the oft-refuted objection to the establishment of a class among us for the purpose of working up our own staples, that a manufacturing population is necessarily a vicious and degraded one, and therefore that the true interests of this

country, moral as well as physical, are to be found in the pursuits of agriculture, and in those mechanical and commercial occupations which naturally grow up from the circumstances of the people. If we are to believe the advocates of free trade, the morals and general condition of the people of this country were in a better state before the introduction of extensive manufactures in the Northern and Eastern States, than those which now exist in the manufacturing districts. Although this subject has frequently attracted the attention of writers and speakers in favor of protection, and the advantages of manufactures with regard to their influence on the morals and circumstances of the people in their vicinity shown; we do not think it has been sufficiently considered and displayed to the people. We propose to devote a short space to a comparison of the present, with the former condition of the people in one of the most important manufacturing localities.

The State of Rhode-Island exhibits, in the most striking form, the vast advantages to be derived from a multiplicity of industrial pursuits, and is entitled to the credit of having been the first to introduce into the United States the immense advantages derived from labor-saving machinery. Before noticing the present prosperous condition of the State, it will be interesting to inquire what were its circumstances and character in the early part of the present century, and before the extensive introduction of labor-saving machinery. The population of the State, according to the three first enumerations taken by the United States, was as follows: In 1790, 68,825; in 1800, 69,122; in 1810, 76,931.

The late Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, in his "Travels in New-England," in the year 1800, has the following observations:—

"From the circumstances of its early settlement, Rhode-Island became naturally the resort, not only of such adventurers as harmonized with them (the original colonists) in religious opinions, but of most of those who were discontented and restless. A general aggregation, originated by a great variety of incidental causes, spread over the State, and occupied the whole of its territory. No single or regular scheme of colonization was pursued. No common object united the immigrants; and no common character could be traced through the mass. In such casual collections of mankind, it is an almost necessary consequence of their junction in society, that their peculiar religious opinions are held with less and less tenacity; that concessions

are gradually and insensibly made by each to each; that each class respects its own doctrines less, and becomes more and more indifferent to those of others; and that all religious doctrines lose their influence, until the community becomes dispossessed of that beneficent efficacy which is ever to be expected from the gospel, wherever it is cordially believed by an undivided body of men.

"The inhabitants of this State, in opposition to the rest of their New-England brethren, have uniformly refused to support the public worship of God by law, or, in other words, to make a legal provision for the support of ministers and churches. A contract between a minister and his congregation for his maintenance they have placed on the same footing as contracts made at the gaming table. Hence, except in their large towns, a minister liberally educated cannot often be found. Hence, the places of such ministers are filled by plain, ignorant individuals. They pervert the meaning of the Scriptures, and murder arguments and language. They are destitute of dignity, propriety, and candor; coarse and clownish in their manners; uncouth in their elocution; and in their discourses clumsy and ridiculous. Next to a wicked ministry, the greatest evil which can befall the Church is a weak ministry. The churches in Providence and Newport I have described. Those which I have seen in the country towns appear like badly-built and decayed barns.

The Sabbath, with a great part of this people, is merely a day of visiting and sport. Many of the inhabitants have customarily devoted it to labor. A considerable number of persons in the trading towns, Providence excepted, have been deeply engaged in the slave-trade. Some of the missionary societies have in their proceedings considered Rhode-Island as missionary ground.

"Schools usually go parallel with ministers and churches. Here, certainly, they move in the same course. Exclusive of a few attempts which have lately been made to establish academies, (of which, I believe, one, two, or three have succeeded,) and some efforts which are made in the principal towns, schools in this State can hardly be said to exist. The gentlemen with whom I conversed on this subject expressed their mortification, and their reprobation of the conduct of the State, in strong terms, but they seemed to be hopeless concerning a reformation. Without churches, men will be vicious of course; without schools, they will be ignorant; and ignorance and vice are sufficiently melancholy characteristics of the people in whom they are united.

"It is not impossible, perhaps not improbable, that the energy awakened in this State by the diffusion of manufactures, may be productive of some beneficial consequences both to learning and religion. The wealth of the inhabitants is visibly increasing with rapidity, and will probably continue to increase through an indefinite period. Wealth, wherever it is spread, generates, of course, the desire of character; and this passion regularly stimulates mankind to the use of those means by which it may be gratified. The first step towards giving character to children is to give them at least a decent education; and this step is always taken whenever wealth begins to be diffused. The next

is not uncommonly the building of churches; and the next the settlement and support of ministers,—such, I mean, as are qualified to discharge the duties of the sacred office. Should this be the course of events in Rhode-Island, it is hardly possible that the character of the inhabitants at large should not be essentially meliorated."

To these remarks of Dr. Dwight, the editor of his work, published in 1822, adds the following:—

"These observations were made in the year 1800. Since that time, the prediction of the writer has, to a considerable extent, been fulfilled. The manufacturing establishments of this State have been enlarged and multiplied, and the wealth of the inhabitants increased in a more rapid manner than in any other part of New-England. With the acquisition of property, the people, particularly in the large towns, appear to have acquired more liberal views concerning the importance of learning to the community."

The following extract from Morse's *Geography*, published in 1805, confirms Dr. Dwight's account of the state of society in Rhode-Island, in the early part of this century:—

"The literature of this State is confined principally to the towns of Newport and Providence. There are men of learning and abilities scattered throughout the State, but they are rare. The bulk of the inhabitants in other parts of the State are involved in greater ignorance perhaps than in most other parts of New-England. A law a few years since was made, establishing town schools through the State, but was found unpopular and repealed. There are few clergymen in the State, excepting in Providence and Newport. * * * In the whole region west of Providence river, a school-house or meeting-house is rarely found; not a quarter part have a Bible in their houses, and a great portion of the people are unable to read or write."

With regard to the trade and commerce of the State, Morse remarks:—

"Before the war of the Revolution, the merchants in Rhode-Island imported from Great Britain, dry goods; from Africa, slaves; from the West Indies, sugars, coffee and molasses; and from the neighboring colonies, lumber and provisions. With the bills which they obtained in Surinam and the Dutch West Indies they paid their merchants in England. Their sugars they carried to Holland; the slaves from Africa they carried to the West Indies, together with the lumber and provisions procured from their neighbors; the rum distilled from the molasses was carried to Africa to purchase negroes; with their dry goods from England they trafficked with the neighboring colonies. By this kind of circuitous commerce they subsisted and grew rich. But the Revolutionary War and some other events have

had a great, and in most respects an injurious effect upon the trade of this State. The slave-trade, which was a source of wealth to many of the people, has happily been abolished. The Legislature have passed a law prohibiting ships from going to Africa for slaves, and selling them in the West India islands. The town of Bristol carries on a considerable trade to Africa, the West Indies, and to different parts of the United States. But by far the greater part of the commerce of the State is at present carried on by the inhabitants of the flourishing town of Providence. In June, 1791, there were belonging to this port 129 sail of vessels, measuring 11,942 tons. The tonnage of the whole State amounts to between 26,000 and 27,000 tons. The exports from the State are flax-seed, lumber, horses, cattle, beef, pork, fish, poultry, onions, butter, cheese, barley and other grain, spirits, and cotton and linen manufactures. The inhabitants are advancing in the manufacturing branch of business. A cotton manufactory has been erected at Providence, which from present prospects will answer the expectations of the proprietors. Jeans, fustians, denims, thick-sets, velvets, &c., are here manufactured and sent to the Southern States. Linen and tow cloths are made in different parts of this State for exportation. Other manufactures are those of iron, spirits, paper, wool and cotton cards, &c. Newport, famed for the beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its climate, now wears the gloomy aspect of decay. Circumstances strongly mark out this place as a convenient and proper situation for extensive manufactures. Should the gentlemen of fortune turn their capital into this channel, they would be instrumental in giving employment and bread to thousands of now unhappy people, and of reviving the former importance of their beautiful town."

These extracts are sufficient to show the condition of Rhode-Island under the commercial system which formerly prevailed in the colony and State, and before the attention of the people was particularly turned to manufactures, as the main source of occupation and prosperity which they have since found it, and which is now the main dependence of the people for support. The former moral and religious character of the people, as described by Doctors Dwight and Morse, is probably somewhat exaggerated by the prejudices of those writers, but there can be no doubt of the low state of education, religion and morals in the State, compared with other parts of New-England; and it is curious to notice that Dr. Dwight looked to the establishment of manufactures as a means by which the moral condition of the people might be improved. The gradual improvement of the condition and the present elevated character of the population of Rhode-Island, in every point of view, are remarkable proofs of the sagacity of Dr. Dwight,

and of the accuracy of his prediction on the subject.

Before comparing the present condition of the State with that of the same half a century since, it will be interesting to notice the introduction of the cotton manufacture into Rhode-Island, and its gradual progress for a series of years. The commencement of cotton spinning in the State dates as early as the year 1788, when Daniel Anthony and others, of Providence established the business in a small way. This enterprise was followed by a few others, but every attempt to spin cotton by water power previous to 1790 proved abortive. In that year the Arkwright machinery was introduced by Samuel Slater, who had recently arrived from England. It was first put in operation at Pawtucket, and the manufactory is referred to by Hamilton, in his report on manufactures in December, 1791, as having "the merit of being the first in introducing into the United States the celebrated cotton mill," (meaning Arkwright's patent.) Some of Mr. Slater's first yarn, and some of the first cotton cloth made in America, from the same warp, was sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, (Hamilton,) in October, 1791. As to the impediments under which this business labored, Mr. Moses Brown, a partner of Slater, observes: "No encouragement has been given by any laws of this State, nor by any donations of any society or individuals, but wholly begun, carried on, and thus far perfected, at private expense." The biographer of Slater says he had never heard of any pecuniary advantage conferred on Mr. Slater, for his introducing the cotton manufacture, or for his establishing it on a permanent basis; but his own money and time were pledged to the object. It is stated on good authority that nearly all the cotton manufactories in the United States, from 1791 to 1805, were built under the direction of men who had acquired their art or skill in building machinery in Mr. Slater's employ.

On the establishment of his first cotton mill, Mr. Slater introduced among the laborers therein, such regulations as his previous observations of establishments in Derbyshire, England, had shown to be useful and applicable to the circumstances of an American population. Among these was the system of Sunday-school instruction, which had been for some time in full operation at all

the mills of Arkwright and Strutt, when Mr. Slater left England. These schools, the first of the kind in America, are still continued at Pawtucket. They have been copied and extended with the extension of the cotton manufacture in this country, and they have prompted the establishment of similar schools in our seaport towns and in foreign countries. It was from Pawtucket that they were introduced into Providence in 1815, by the young men of the latter place, one of whom had been a clerk with Mr. Slater. In addition to these schools for Sunday instruction, the establishment and support of common day schools was promoted at all the manufactories in which Mr. Slater was interested; and in some cases the teachers were wholly paid by himself. Regular and stated public worship also was liberally supported at those points where the people could be most conveniently assembled. "The introduction of manufacturing was thus," says Mr. White, in his *Life of Slater*, "in every place a harbinger of moral and intellectual improvement to the inhabitants of the vicinage, and the numerous operatives from remote and secluded parts of the country, attracted to the manufacturing villages by the employment, comforts, and conveniences which they afforded. Hundreds of families of the latter description, originally from places where the general poverty had precluded schools and public worship, brought up illiterate, and without religious instruction, and disorderly and vicious, in consequence of their lack of regular employment, have been transplanted to these new creations of skill and enterprise; and by the ameliorating effects of study, industry, and instruction, have been reclaimed, civilized, Christianized. Not a few of them have accumulated and saved, by close application and moderate economy, very handsome estates. Indeed, such have been the blessed results of concentrating and giving employment to a population formerly considered almost useless to the community, that there is among our manufacturing population, at this moment, a greater number of males, of from twenty to thirty years old, who are worth from \$300 to \$1,000 each, and of marriageable females worth from \$100 to \$800 each, than can be found in any population out of the manufacturing villages." (This was in 1836.)

The same writer further remarks :—

"The impulse given to industry and production by the cotton manufacture has not been confined to one branch of business alone, but has been felt in every sort of employment useful to the community. We need not, in this place, enlarge upon the close affinity and mutual dependence of these various employments; they are obvious to every mind which has acquired the habit of tracing results to their causes in the endless relations of society. As a general fact it is undoubtedly true, that the advance of our country in the production and manufacture of wool and iron has been greatly accelerated by the cotton manufacture; and that those branches of industry have always been deeply affected by the temporary reverses which this branch has experienced. Mr. Slater was for many years and at the time of his death concerned in woollen and iron, as well as cotton manufactories; and his observation and sagacity never suffered him to question the identity of their interests. He always maintained that legislative protection would be beneficial to himself as well as others—to those already established in business and having ample capital, as to those who were just beginning and with little or no capital. Events have fully sustained these views. The fostering protection of the government, up to the election of President Jackson, brought forward and established many adventurers who had begun without money or skill, but have since acquired both; whilst those who preceded them in business are, generally, as far in advance of them as they were before. In the measures adopted by the manufacturing districts of our country to obtain this protection, Mr. Slater was ever prominent and efficient."

Small manufactories spread in Rhode-Island about the year 1807, and improvements began to be introduced. Manufacturing enterprise was greatly promoted by the non-importation and other restrictive acts of Congress during Jefferson's and Madison's administrations, which contributed, of course, to the scarcity and high prices of British goods. The war of 1812 taught the Americans to rely upon their own resources for support, and the results of the lesson then learned were the erection of manufacturing establishments in almost every nook and corner of the settled parts of the Eastern and Middle States—affording sure markets for the produce of the flocks and fields of the Northern farmer, and increasing the demand for the staple of the Southern planter. At the beginning of the war in 1812, there were in operation in Rhode-Island, within 30 miles of Providence, 33 cotton mills, with 30,663 spindles, and a capacity for 56,246 spindles. There were

also at the same time located in Massachusetts, within 30 miles of Providence, 20 cotton mills, with 17,371 spindles in operation, and a capacity for 45,438 spindles. Each spindle would then produce yarn enough weekly to make two and a half yards of cloth, of the value of 30 cents per yard, the average price at that time. The number of spindles then in operation in the vicinity of Providence produced, therefore, sufficient yarn, when woven, to make in each week 128,635 yards of cloth, worth \$38,590—or over two millions of dollars annually. This shows the immense importance of the cotton manufacture, even in its infancy, previous to the war of 1812.

The war found the American people destitute of the means of supplying themselves, not merely with blankets for their soldiers, but a vast variety of other articles of necessity and comfort. Our citizens entered on the business of manufactures with great energy and enterprise; invested in them many millions of capital; and having, during the two and a half years while the war continued, the domestic market secured to them, they succeeded beyond expectation. Never was there a prouder display of the power of industry than was afforded on this occasion. Unaided by the expenditure of money by Government, except in the way of necessary contracts, they attained in two or three years a degree of maturity in some branches of manufactures which required centuries in England, France, and Prussia, and cost their governments large sums, in the shape of bounties, premiums, and drawbacks, with the fostering aid of privileges and immunities bestowed on the manufacturers. In the language of the report of a society of the friends of manufactures, made in 1817:—

"In a short three years the produce of our looms rivalled foreign productions, and the nation with which we were contending felt more alarm from the produce of our manufactures than she did from the success of our arms. But peace came. While we were at war, the warehouses of England were filled with the produce of the labor which a loss of market had enabled her to purchase at a depreciated price. The moment intercourse between the two countries was opened, her hoarded stores were thrown upon us, and we were deluged with the manufactures which had been waiting the event. They could be sold without profit, because the foreign manufacturer thought himself fortunate if he could realize the capital which he had been

obliged to expend, to support his establishment while there was no sale for his wares. But he was content to bear a loss, because, in the words of an English statesman, 'It was well worth while to incur a loss upon the first exportation, in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those rising manufactures in the United States which the war had forced into existence.' It would have been surprising, indeed, if our infant manufactures, the establishment of which had generally exhausted the capitals of those who embarked in them, could have sustained themselves under such circumstances, without any aid or support from the Government, without any means of countervailing the effects of the sacrifices which foreigners were willing to make for their destruction. How were they to maintain themselves? It was impossible,—many of them sunk. The attention of the Government was too ardently directed, during the war, to other objects, to perceive the policy or necessity of that protection which the manufacturing interest did not appear to want."

A very favorable impression, in favor of domestic manufactures, was every where manifested at the conclusion of the war of 1812. Mr. Jefferson had changed his views on the subject, and expressed himself as follows :—

"To be independent for the comforts of life, we must fabricate them ourselves. We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist. Experience has taught me that manufactures are as necessary to our independence as our comfort."

Presidents Madison and Monroe, in their messages to Congress, and on other occasions, recommended the encouragement of manufactures by adequate protection. The tour of President Monroe to New-England made a very favorable impression on his mind with regard to the resources of the country, and its adaptation to manufacturing operations. He was received at Pawtucket by Mr. Slater, who showed and explained to him the frames by which he had spun his first cotton, and stated the progress of the business, which had raised that obscure hamlet to the condition of a flourishing town. The change was remarkable that had taken place during the contest with Great Britain. Providence, and Rhode-Island in general, had received an impetus which contributed, more than any other cause, to build up a large and populous city, and to raise a comparatively small State to wealth and importance.

The war of 1812 was closed under favor-

able auspices. The country was generally prosperous where the influence of manufactures could be felt. It was estimated that sixty millions of dollars had been invested in manufacturing establishments, which were spread over the face of the land, diffusing employment and comforts among thousands of industrious people. Peace, with all its blessings, was, however, fraught with destruction to the hopes of a considerable portion of the manufacturers. The double duties on imports had been imposed with a limitation to one year after the close of the war. They were repealed, and a new tariff enacted in 1816. Although it recognized the doctrine of protection, that tariff was insufficient to sustain the manufacturing interest generally. From year to year after that time, ruin spread among the manufacturers, and a large proportion of them were reduced to bankruptcy. The progress of the State of Rhode-Island was of course slow during a series of years, and until the revival of industry by the tariff of 1824, followed by that of 1828. Since the permanent establishment of manufactures by the protective system, Rhode-Island has steadily advanced in population and wealth; its prosperity, of course, checked by every advance towards free trade in the legislation of Congress, adverse to national industry. The following shows the progressive movement of the population of the State since the first United States' census, in 1790 :—

Year.	Population.	Decennial increase.	
		Numeral.	Per cent.
1790,.....	68,825		
1800,.....	69,122	297	00.4
1810,.....	77,031	7,909	11.4
1820,.....	83,059	6,028	7.8
1830,.....	97,199	14,140	17.
1840,.....	108,830	11,631	11.9
1850,.....	147,543	38,713	35.6

The valuation of taxable property in the State in 1849 was \$70,289,990 — viz.: real estate, \$48,956,829; personal ditto, \$21,333,161. The increase of taxable property from 1796 to 1832 was \$17,140,000, and from 1833 to 1849 the increase was \$37,650,000. The amount of banking capital in 1849 was \$11,300,000. In the savings banks, the same year, the deposits amounted to \$1,054,263. The amount of capital invested in manufactures in 1840 was \$10,696,136.

The most remarkable improvement has

taken place in the State, within the last twenty-five years, in the attention paid to education. By an act of the Legislature, passed in 1828, a permanent school fund was commenced, which was invested, and has since received many additions. The sum of \$25,000 per annum is paid from the State Treasury to the several towns for the support of public schools. The interest of the portion of the State of the United States' surplus revenue, divided in 1836, and moneys arising from several other sources, are also applied to the support of public schools. In 1844, the number of these schools in the State was 428, and the number of scholars attending them was 22,156. The amount paid by the State for the support of free or public schools in that year was \$25,095, and by the towns for the same \$27,918; total, \$53,013. In 1840, there were in Brown University and in a high school, 324 students. There were then in the State 52 academies and grammar schools, with 3,664 students. The elevation of the religious character of the people, which we have seen was formerly so much behind the other New-England States, has been similar to the favorable change in public sentiment with regard to education, and it is believed that Dr. Dwight and other philanthropists of the last generation would not now have cause to complain of the state of religion and morals among the people of Rhode-Island, or to contrast the State in that respect with its neighbors. It should be here mentioned that the first Sunday-school taught in New-England was at the manufacturing village of Pawtucket.

We will here again quote Mr. White, the biographer of Slater, on this subject:—

"It cannot be concealed that there have been apprehensions of the evil effects of manufacturing establishments in this country. But these forebodings have been chiefly prospective. It is not pretended that they have been productive of evil; indeed, the evidence is positive, that much good has been produced. With regard to the State of Rhode-Island, I had an opportunity of knowing its moral condition previous to 1812; and I have since travelled in nearly every part of the State, and the change for the better, especially in the manufacturing districts, is incredible. No one but an eye-witness could believe that such a favorable change of society could have taken place in the short period of twenty-five years. I am persuaded that wherever a village is under good regulations, that the tendency is altogether favorable to morals

and intelligence. Sufficient testimony has been adduced to prove that the present state of American manufactures is superior to any in the world, as it respects the rate of wages, the means of intellectual improvement, and their moral condition."

The hostility of the Democratic party, so called, to the establishment and support of manufactures, has been shown on various occasions for the last twenty years, not only in their legislation in Congress, but in the sentiments of their leaders expressed in appeals to popular prejudice. When the administration of Mr. Polk adopted the free-trade doctrines of the Secretary of the Treasury, Robert J. Walker, as a portion of the Democratic party creed, and that President recommended those doctrines as the true policy of the nation, the Democratic Convention of Hamilton county, Ohio, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, in Oct., 1845, avowing the following views:—

"Manufactures are not of themselves objects of desire to a free people, or of favor for a free government. They involve the necessity of a crowded population, subject to a very arbitrary control over their comfort by a few wealthy persons, and devoted to unwholesome employment. Surely such establishments do not deserve political favor where land is abundant and the people free."

The falsity of these sentiments is shown by the experience of this country, wherever manufactures have been established; and nowhere can they be more fully disproved than in the industrial history of Rhode-Island. We have chosen the example of that State, as one exhibiting the greatest contrast in the condition of the people under agricultural and commercial pursuits, with only slight attention to manufactures; with its wonderful improvement since the introduction of manufactures and labor-saving machinery.

It would be difficult, in the history of mankind, to exhibit a more striking picture of moral and physical improvement; and this change has been effected by the system we advocate, in a comparatively short period, in the moral and physical condition of the people of the whole State. In other parts of the country, where the population and territory are less compact, the contrast and improvement have been less marked. But we are not unmindful of the great benefits wrought by the manufacturing system in

other States, wherever industrial pursuits of this class have been introduced by capital and enterprise. The great moral and successful example of Lowell, that wonderful creation of the genius, capital, and industry of our own times, is familiar to all. It has been often described, and never fails to interest the friends of manufactures who have an opportunity of visiting it, by its admirable establishments, conducted on a system unsurpassed in the world, and its highly intellectual industrial population. But the States of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, and Connecticut, with the Middle States, afford abundant instances of the prosperity and moral improvement which have been caused in those States by the introduction of manufactures.

In an evil hour, the passage of the tariff of 1846 checked the march of improvement then in progress under the benign influence of the Whig protective tariff of 1842. How far the effect of foreign competition may arrest the increase and extension of manufactures in those States where they have been established or commenced, time only can determine. But it may be well to look at the amount of the principal manufactures of the United States which may be placed in danger by free trade or importations of the same articles from foreign countries. We have not the returns of the census of last year, but the following shows the value of

these manufactures eleven years since, by the census of 1840:—

	Annual value manufactured.
Cottons,	\$46,350,453
Woollens,	20,696,999
Iron,	16,034,225
Hardware, &c.,	6,451,967
Precious Metals,	9,779,442
Leather and Manufactures of, ..	48,785,332
Paper,	6,135,092
Cordage,	4,078,306
Hats, Caps, &c.,	10,180,847
Total,	\$168,492,663

The increase of these manufactures, under the tariff of 1842, probably raised the annual value to two hundred millions of dollars.

This immense interest, with all its attendant benefits, some of which we have endeavored to exhibit in this essay, it is proposed by the advocates of free trade to destroy; or to reduce the wages of labor to the standard of that of Europe. But we cannot believe the people will long continue to countenance such doctrines. In the language of Henry Clay, in 1824: "The cause of protection is the cause of the country, and it must and will prevail. It is founded in the interests and affections of the people; it is as native as the granite deeply imbedded in our mountains. And I would pray God, in his infinite mercy, by enlightening our councils, to conduct us into that path which leads to riches, to greatness, to glory."

AD TURBATOREM PLEBIS.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

ALL earthly things are subject to decay:
 The fairest temple and the proudest State
 Crumble at last to ruin. But the great
 Immortal truths which they embody stay,
 And on the earth dwell ever. They
 Have perennial life; and, soon or late,
 How deep soever hidden from the day,
 Burst the rude soil wherein they germinate.
 But not the less, O Demagogue, thy crime!
 If thy base arts shall cause the State to fall,
 All after ages in their march sublime
 Thy hideous name will cover with a pall
 Of hate undying! Such thy final doom;
 With TRAITOR carved on thy unholy tomb!

Ingleside, May, 1851.

BOYHOOD AND BARBARISM.

"Infans non multum a Furioso distat."—THE LAW BOOKS.

CONCERNING that very handsome bit of Latin which we have prefixed to this article as an intimation of the course we may pursue, for a short time, in discussing in a grim and iron manner certain metaphysical truths which are not expatiated upon with sufficient freedom in the approved text-books on mental science, and concerning the authors of this extremely polite comparison, we may have a word to say by-and-by, if this philosophical disquisition has not attained an unwholesome and indigestible magnitude by the time that we are ready to pay our compliments to the gentlemen who have made so injurious an allegation against the juveniles of the Solar System;—for we doubt not that whatever is truthfully predicated of the urchins of this planet, may with equal justice be predicated of their gigantic and lubberly cousins who snap marbles of the bigness of bomb-shells under the rings of Saturn, and of minors generally in all the planets and asteroids in our immediate neighborhood. For the present we merely remark, that if Ulpian when he uttered, Grotius when he echoed, and Mr. Justice Story when he reverberated the charge, through the pages of his stupendous treatise on Equity Jurisprudence, had in their eye a Carib, a Mauritanian, a Pict, or a Pawnee, as the model of a *Furiosus*, they were clearly in the right. Using the word in such a sense, the boy is a born *Furiosus*. That however was not the idea of the learned jurists. In the slang of the Courts, the term signifies a *non compos*, a lunatic, a crack-brain, a crazy fellow; and whether even wise men are warranted in likening all youngsters here and elsewhere to loons, (to fall in with the popular notion that these water-fowls are maniacs,) may well be questioned. When, however, you introduce to me as a *Furiosus* a red gentleman rejoicing in the name of Big-Tall-Thunder, mounted on a mustang, holding a javelin in his hand, and adorned with paint and feathers, and assert to me that the Boy does not

materially differ from him, I agree with you.

Yes, we are all born savages. It is only because certain persons, assuming themselves to be wiser than Nature, have trained our faculties to such distorted shapes as seemed good to their morbid vision, that you and I are not this day free barbarians, wearing eagles' quills, and hailing each other as Cross-Wolf and Curling-Cloud. The hand which guides this philosophic pen should of right whisk a tomahawk. Yonder mild lady pacing the garden walks and murmuring sad words of the poets among the dying flowers, or watching the wild pigeons as they cleave with unmatched swiftness the still air of autumn, to vanish in the mists that veil the wooded hill-sides, and mourning when presently the guns of the fowlers ring through the groves where the timid birds have folded their wings,—she, the soft-hearted, who whispers to the dying flowers and mourns for the doves of the Indian Venus torn by shot whizzing from the barrels of frightful blunderbusses, is sister to the quiver-bearing Amazons, to the jingling belles of Nootka, to the yelling damsels of Mozambique. Grum Judge, sitting with fixed frowns while barristers smite with clenched fists the leathern covers of Kent, but that certain influences which have been accumulating for forty centuries were brought to bear upon your young brain years ago, when those bristling gray-hairs were scarce rougher than a kitten's fur, you I might now see sitting upon the council-log of Hurons discussing questions of state with the dusky senators of the woods, while those barristers and hawking sheriffs should gratify their now misdirected instincts by forms of action unknown to Mansfield, and by seizures of horses and poultry concerning which Sir Thomas More might ask, with tears in his eyes, for information and not for a joke, "*utrum possent replegiari.*"

Why is it that these possibilities have failed? Why is it that the hand which

nature framed to whisk the terrible tomahawk, guides instead the philosophic pen, and instead of knocking the sense *out* of the skull of the gentle reader, is now beating nonsense *into* it? Why is it that the mild lady, instead of walking sadly among the dying flowers and mourning the wounded pigeons, is not dashing on a hunting horse into a group of leopards, while attendant Amazons yell, and pierce the spotted monsters with arrows and quivering spears; is not dancing to the hideous discord of conchs and kettle-drums like her jingling sisters of Nootka; is not sporting with sharks in the ocean-surf, or floating over the lagoons of some rude archipelago upheaved from the bottom of the Pacific, and lounging in her grotesque canoe, a Cleopatra of the Islands, while her "gentlewomen like the Nereides" splash in the still water and dive under the keel of her idle barge? What magic has made the lion a sheep; has changed the tawny hide which Hercules might wear in the audience hall of Jove into a soft skin covered with wool, which housewives may spin; has so quenched the regal spirit that now the King of the Desert nips clover, is shorn by boors, makes sheepish noises, is penned at night, and when the bell-wether leaps into a well, as in the fable, follows him faster than a bucket with the ewes and nannies?

How widely do we, the brothers of the human family, diverge in our lifetime from the general starting-point; like brooks springing from the same mountain and flowing, some to the St. Lawrence Gulf, some to the Chesapeake, and some to the Gulf of Mexico. I show you three infants. One, on a savage island, swings in his bark hammock from the limbs of a tree, and sleeps while the winds that wander over the Pacific wave him to and fro: the second rocks in his red-cherry cradle in a New-England farm-house, and a thoughtful, motherly woman, knitting beside him, sings plaintive hymns: the third reposes in a gorgeous little couch, curiously carved, and a spangled canopy covers his royal head; gray-headed Field Marshals and sworded Princes stand around; rigid battalions ranked before the palace are ready to defend the right of infant royalty, and huge cannon on the bastions of the city, which proclaimed to the Baltic the birth of its baby admiral, will hurl bullets and bursting globes upon the

robbers who shall dare to grasp at the crown of Muscovy, whether they come in war-ships from the fast-anchored isle, or march in regiments from Gaul and the cities of the German Empire. What difference in thought or desire do you surmise may exist in these three little mortals? A craniologist might (and unless choked, undoubtedly would) talk about Mongolian and Circassian contours, and so forth; but in the essential elements which compose a live baby, wherein differs the Islander from the American, the American from the Prince? Place them together on the floor: will they not whine, and crawl over each other like blind puppies? When a few moons have passed, and strength is given to their limbs, and the first faint ideas dawn in their minds, will they not lay hold of each other's hair, (a proof that the knack of scalping is one of the earliest, and consequently one of the most genuine and desirable accomplishments which Nature desires her children to possess,) and will they not love, hate, and fear the same objects? Is there any thing in their several gestures or glances that indicates the strangely different loves, hates, and fears which will possess them hereafter? The little savage does not manifest an inclination to make a barbecue of his comrades; the American, in his conversations with the Prince, is not understood by the nurses to call his play-fellow a puppet or a blood-sucking despot; and the latter seems in nowise anxious to tie strings around the neck of the young democrat; nor in his devastations does he discriminate between pamphlets that argue with the "divine right of kings" and newspapers that hoot at the Holy Alliance; nor when he creeps on the carpet does he always travel in the direction of Constantinople. Yet in forty years, where will you find the three allies? One is a tall red cannibal horribly painted, paddling his canoe in the coves of New-Zealand; another is a rampant republican, working the batteries of a red-hot political journal, and invoking the Demon of Revolution to rise from caverns where

"The slumbering earthquake lies pillowed on fire;"

the third towers above his nobles, a Czar, and gathers together Cossacks from the Ukraine, Tartars from the Ural, Siberians from the steppes, and Finns from the icebergs, and then, like one of the old idols of the North, holding in his hand deluge, ter-

rors, and storms, hovers over the frontiers of Europe and launches his thunders at sullen intervals against the citadels of Danube and the Rhine. Observe what a deadly antipathy against the others has arisen in each of the former play-fellows. If the Cannibal catches the Czar, he will roast him; if the Czar catches the Republican, he will hang him; if the Republican gets the others in his power, he will shut the Prince in a penitentiary, and probably will kill the savage with rum.

Philosophy, in view of these things, has much to offer. But to-day Philosophy may go hang. Musty speculation is undoubtedly our *forte*, (although the reviews and universities may ignore our pretensions, for which we shall take vengeance by-and-by when we have time for it;) but to-day all blowing upon "Apollo's lute," as Milton has it, will be refrained from. Philosophy, we repeat politely but firmly, may to-day go hang. We will be content with pointing out a few traits in the character of the North American juvenile which indicate how strongly his healthful savage instincts struggle with the tremendous agencies, the accumulations of forty centuries, which are brought to crush them; how reluctantly the healthful savage spirit yields to the soft but persevering and mighty genius of Civilization.

It is assumed that we are born savages. The civilizing of a wild man's boy is as discouraging an undertaking as the training of a fox's whelp to an understanding of our conventional notions about geese and turkeys; but the barbarizing of a tame man's boy is as easy a thing as making wild boars and jackals of the offspring of domestic swine and mastiffs, by turning them loose in the wilderness when they are pigs and puppies. White boys who are captured by Indians in five cases out of ten become chiefs; but how many red boys who are taken by benevolent persons and put into academies become jurists or mathematicians? The white boy takes to savage life as naturally as the duck to water. The culture of universities may have been exhausted on his ancestors for ten generations back; but put him in the hands of a Camanche matron when he is a year old, and the culture which has been expended on the parent stock will not be indicated, on the little graft which is severed from it, by a single blossom. He is visited by no vague ideas of the Rule of Three as he gnaws elk-

ribs in his foster-mother's lodge; he is impelled by no unaccountable impulse to expostulate with his play-mates at the occasional imperfections of their syntax. On the contrary, he hunts prairie-dogs, learns the war-dance, flings hatchets like the cub of a very Powhattan; and when grown to the stature of a man, will spear mail-riders and emigrants, and abet a stampede of government mules, as readily as any born barbarian. The rule will not work both ways. Introduce a young Camanche into an infant-school, and it appears that we might as well direct our educational apparatus at a young bear. Culture affects hereditarily the faculties, but not the instincts,—at all events, not nearly so sensibly the latter as the former. Hence it is that the son of the civilized man with less difficulty becomes civilized than his red cousin, for he has hereditary faculties which if exercised will master instincts; and these the wild boy has not, for his grandfathers for ten generations back, instead of nibbling philosophy at Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, were scouring the country between the Nueces and the Californian Colorado, knocking out other wild men's brains, and whooping like imps of the pit.

Yes, mothers of America, your nurseries are wigwams of Cherokees, Blackfeet, Apaches; your cradles are nests of Bedouins. Not many mornings ago I saw a young Anglo-Saxon, who cannot utter six articulate sounds, standing on a chair by the window and catching and destroying the house-flies, whose joints were stiffened by the frosts of the preceding night, with the same glee that a Mohawk warrior would exhibit on being let loose, with license to murder, in an Asylum for Cripples. That indifference to the rights of crockery, that apathy of conscience at the destruction of pitchers and glass-ware, that Gothic exultation over the ruins of a dinner plate, which the unbreeched urchin displays, are manifestations of that same barbarian appetite for *smashing* which ruined the marbles of Greece and shattered the priceless vases of Italy. The original, genuine instinct is suppressed at first by force, and afterwards eradicated by artfully implanting an artificial taste for entire dinner plates and for uncracked pitchers. Destructiveness is almost the first organ which gives signs of activity in the infant brain: only allow it fair play, and it will in due time be master of the whole cranium.

The chief labor in education is the eradication of instincts. School-life is for a long time but an artful war between the pedagogue and the savage propensities of his pupils. Observe what bloody books are boys' favorites. Their earliest reading is of pirates and Arabs. The attack of Indians on the cabin of the settler, with its attendant horrors of burning roofs, ringing rifles, and merciless murders, have a fascination for them—even for the mildest. Books of desperate or vagrant and lawless action please them. In history, they open an intimacy with Hannibal and Leonidas; in adventure, with Captain Kyd and the Argonauts. These propensities are cunningly made to work their own destruction. The savage instinct is gratified by reading about vagabonds and headlong heroes, but the shrewd teacher will remark how this arouses faculties which will in time master instinct. His appetite for other delights arises, and a taste for books of a somewhat different tone is provoked. The young reader gets an ear for the graces of style, and remarks the difference between those abrupt sentences which pitch him along like the chopping waves of a Gulf Stream, and the majestic periods, the long Ciceronian swells on which we are borne through successive chapters till as we approach the close, like sailors in a boat, we hear a fine roaring of surges, and ride to the beach through the surf of a peroration. Thus is a taste for Literature born, and in a few years, when the bloodthirsty little reader has attained man's estate, his earliest acquaintances, the forest outlaws and the buccaneers, are received at his mental *levées* on entirely a different footing. The old desire of training in Robin Hood's company has assumed perhaps the form of a willingness to be Little John to Carlyle or some other æsthetical bandit. The satisfaction he once would have felt at boarding an argosy on the Spanish main, has become a singular delight in way-laying the portly octavo in which some learned man has stowed his philosophic ingots, and is ploughing his stately course in fancied security; in dashing at the clumsy prize after the fashion of Hawkins and Morgan, and in making the wretched master walk the plank like a grandee of Arragon intercepted by Black Beard in his voyage from Porto Bello to Cadiz.

Few boys, it has been remarked, I believe, reach manhood without at some time having

resolved to become either sailors or hunters. What days are spent in grievous indecision whether it is better to go to the Rocky Mountains and shoot buffaloes or to the Japan seas and harpoon whales. What nights are made glorious by dreams of killing seals by torch-light in caves where the Antarctic Tritons blow their "wreathed horns" in alarm at the robbery of their folds. What plots for reviving the ancient and amiable fraternity of Sea Kings are concocted of winter evenings, by flaxen-headed conspirators, as they crack butternuts before the kitchen fire—thwacking the solid nut-shells with their hammers as if they were smiting the mailed heads of Celts and Saxons, while some young hero who has lately posted himself up in Scandinavian matters doles out tales of the Red Erics, the Rollos, and the Harold Slambang-ers who roamed the seas with their gigantic boatswains, before the Law of Nations was heard of in the North Sea and the Bay of Biscay. What consultations are held concerning the feasibility of fitting up the old den in the rocks above the village for a cave of Forty Thieves, who are to operate according to the system of the enterprising gentlemen of the Arabian tale, excepting that *oil* is to be abstained from both as an article of trade and as a beverage—the former because it proved the ruin of Ali Baba's guests, and the latter owing to a grudge entertained since infancy. Minerva, overhearing these eager conversations, smiles. In forty years Red Eric is President of a Marine Insurance Company, and Rollo's bills are honored in Copenhagen. Some of the Forty Thieves are Justices of a Western Court of Star-Chamber, administering Lynch-Law to forgers and blacklegs, and others are legislators and grand jurymen. The young lions have been cheated of their teeth. The lust for barbarism has been quenched by stimulating the remote appetite for refinement. The boy who at the age of twelve is fully resolved, as soon as he is released from home tyranny, to pitch his camp on the North fork of the Arkansas, and spend the rest of his life in the society of wolves and wild horses, finds that each year a band is tied to him which he will not be able to sunder; and at twenty-one he is firmly bound to civilization—a slave to clocks and stoves and tables—a bondman to hotels and newspapers.

Schoolmasters, the missionaries whom we employ to labor in that dense barbarism

which darkens our nurseries, bear witness to the fidelity of all juveniles to their mother, Nature. They can testify, however, that the general rule is not without apparent exceptions. They sometimes get young converts faster than they bargained for. Some young gentlemen manifest the most precocious faculty for adapting themselves to the artificial structure of the society in which they find themselves born, as if they saw the uselessness of resistance, and were inclined to make the best of their misfortune. Inconsistent as it may seem, these little pioneers are made to feel the "peculiar institution" which prevails in all well-regulated schools, more often than their duller mates, who hanker for the pleasures of Bedouins, and hang back and sulk when the handsome young man with the helmet (see the frontispiece of the spelling-book) offers to lead them to yonder edifice, labelled *Science*; which inscription needs only to be changed to *Circus* to fire the sulkers, for years to come, with love at first sight for all young men who wear helmets. The reason is, that schoolmasters are generally impenetrably pedantic, and insist that youth shall be enlightened according to certain approved systems. All short cuts to civilization, avoiding the slough of Orthography and the valley of the shadow of Arithmetic, are as criminal in their eyes as the contrivance of the gentleman immortalized in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to get on the high road to the City without facing the enemies which the intrepid Christian met and vanquished. I once knew a school where grammar was not loved quite so well as some other things in which Black Hawk would have delighted, where nevertheless the most complicated and artificial transactions of the civilized world were carried on with amazing zeal. But these it was necessary to conceal from the teacher, for he had his own way, of course, and visited the Banking Institutions, the East India Companies and the Express Offices which flourished in his dominions with the same indiscriminating switch with which he tingled the legs of truants and blockheads.

How fresh is our recollection of one hazel-eyed young schemer—the Hudson of the school—who had a finger in more railroads than you can find in the North American Guide-Book. Long grooves in the pine desk were his railway lines, and

pigeon shot rolling through these became, when viewed through that eye of imagination which boys possess in such perfection, cattle trains, freight trains, and express trains, circulating through the United States in the most lively manner imaginable. Ought not the pedagogue to have rejoiced at the achievements of this precocious Railroad Director, as so many triumphs over the wild nature within him? Perhaps he ought, but he didn't. He seemed to carry in his single soul more hostility to internal improvements than the whole band of Michigan conspirators, and one day managed to throw the mail train off the track with such violence, that the brakeman was seriously contused and the conductor got his knuckles broken. This rather dampened the railroad mania.

The young gentlemen of that school showed a surprising aptitude for civilization within doors, and a no less decided genius for barbarism without. There were more naval and financial enterprises afloat than there were in Tyre of old. One financial operation we remember, which would have startled Wall street. A genius in a secluded corner of the room started the "Empire Bank," which began business on the gigantic scale of the Bank of England. For about a week notes were issued daily to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the school was in a short time full of millionaires in bare feet and linen jackets, not a few of whom would have been impudent enough to offer Rothschild the loan of a hundred dollars to set up a grocery with, or to propose to Nicholas to supply him with funds to carry on the Circassian war, provided he would give a chattel mortgage on the Kremlin for security.

"Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers,"

did not arise more suddenly or mysteriously than this financial prodigy, and was not a more gorgeous affair, nor worth more money when it was completed. Still there was something not altogether secure, I fear, about the basis of its credit. It never was disclosed what securities were pledged to indemnify the holders of its notes, but I suspect that if an inventory of its actual property which might have been reached in Equity had been taken, the schedule of the investigating committee would have exhib-

ited about ten fish-hooks and a kite. Think of these chattels, and a doubtful demand against an Irish boy for breaking a ball-club, as *resources*, to meet *liabilities* somewhat greater than the national debt of Great Britain! Nevertheless, holders felt secure, and the manufacture of money went on without interruption. Nabobs of the most astounding opulence surrounded the throne of our unconscious Sultan, who continued to cuff and ferule with as little ceremony as they cut off paupers' heads in the East. Even in India it won't do to strangle a nabob as summarily as his porter; but here there was not the slightest discrimination between Bobs and Nabobs. Indeed, it was some time before the Despot found that an aristocracy of wealth was springing up in his realm; but one unlucky day, a thousand-dollar note having fallen into his hands by accident or treachery, there was a tremendous commotion in the money market forthwith. The Bank exploded; indeed, what else could have been expected of an institution whose credit depended upon a pledge of kites and fish-hooks of the gross value of eighteen pence? The schoolmaster's encounter with it was like General Jackson's famous tilt with the "Monster." He was not awed by wealth—not he! He would have "tanned" Croesus himself for spelling *phthysic* without a *p* and two *h's*. So he handled the "monopoly" without mittens, as Old Hickory would have done, spanked the Cashier, and compelled fund-holders to

disgorge their treasures, till he found himself in possession of a "pile" which would have bought out the East India Company. This was disastrous, it is true, but the Bank was a very spry one, and was on its legs again by dinner time. The President was remarkably fertile in expedients. Before the afternoon was half through, his financial foundry was in full blast, and before the summons of "All hands ahoy to spell" was given at four bells, the Bank of England, which had shot ahead during the temporary suspension of its rival, was "nowhere." The panic had subsided; insolvents had picked themselves up. Our next neighbor, who lost all in the general bankruptcy of the morning, was worth a million of dollars when school was dismissed, owing to a masterly speculation in buck-shot, but he lost two hundred and fifty thousand before bedtime, by indiscreetly carrying it in his pocket when he went after the cows.

These illustrations, we admit, do not materially support our argument. These enterprises indicated a marvellous aptitude for civilization, it must be confessed, and so far, they go to sap the theory which has just been presented. But could we show you these young Bankers and "Railway Kings" out of doors, and unveil their schemes and secrets, their wishes, plots and dreams, (which cannot in justice to the Rights of Readers be now done,) the balance in favor of barbarism would, we fear, be rather startling.

G. H. M.

N O M O R E !

"Les années qui me sont déterminées s'en vont, et j'entre dans un sentier d'où je ne reviendrai plus."

No more! Oh! what unuttered grief
Dwells in those chill prophetic words!
The tomb of every warm belief,
They strike upon the heart's deep chords:
Like the faint music of a dream,
The shadows from some mystic shore,
Where jewels flash, where roses gleam,
We hear the wailing sound—No more!

No more! The summer founts may throw
Their silvery music on the air;
The sunset lend its opal glow
To skies that seemed before so fair;
And such a flood of liquid light
May rest on mount, and sea, and shore,
As bathed old Ida's classic height;
Yet some low voice shall say—No more!

No more! Throughout the boundless earth
They blend with Hope's fallacious dream;
They echo through the haunts of Mirth;
A whisper of the Past they seem.
Who hath not heard mid light and song,
Mid pageantry, and pride, and power,
Those spirit-voices round him throng
That mock the glittering festal hour!

The heart is but a wasting mine,
An altar for some idol kept,
Till o'er its desecrated shrine
The storm-gust hath too rudely swept;
A pedestal too wildly placed,
Flooded by every passing wave,
Recording vows too soon effaced—
A temple reared upon the grave!

The pest-worm feeds upon the rose,
The violet bears no deathless bloom:
What tints our morning skies disclose—
What darkness lingers round the tomb!
What memories of buried love,
What earnest tones for ever fled;
What yearnings for the world above,
What lonely vigils with the dead!

Our dead! Can such a voice arise
In rebel grief upon the air!
The hosts that fill th' eternal skies,
What can they know of woe or care!
Our dead! Oh! who shall say, "Our dead!"
Released from this dark charnel shore,
Hath not th' immortal spirit fled,
To live when time shall be no more!

C.

Brooklyn, July 8, 1851.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

JOHN FORD.

It is a curious fact, that within the short space of half a century, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the breaking out of the civil wars, there flourished all that England can boast of as superior in the art of serious dramatic literature. Perhaps we should make an exception in favor of one solitary example—the Samson Agonistes; but after that we have almost nothing. In the firmament of this age of "strong-minded England," the name of Shakspeare has the position of the sun; a comparison which will hold good in many ways. The brightness encircling Shakspeare's memory completely blinds the ordinary gazer to the beauties of other kindred contemporary spirits—as Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, Kit Marlow, and numerous others. Among these, John Ford held in his day a very high position, which even now he is allowed to have merited.

John Ford, or as he sometimes spelt his name, Forde, was born of reputable parentage in Devonshire, England, in the spring of 1586. It is the lamentable dearth of all positive evidence, even on such a point as this, that has caused one of the most distinguished British poets to say, "It is painful to find the name of Ford a barren spot in our poetical biography, marked by nothing but a few dates and conjectures, chiefly drawn from his own dedications." However, there is still extant at Ilington, in Devonshire, the record of his baptism, dated April 17th, 1586. Like Congreve, and many others of the brotherhood, Ford, after receiving a liberal education, was entered in the Middle Temple, 16th November, 1602, as a student of law. It would seem that in after life he was a practitioner of no mean eminence in this science. In 1606, not yet arrived at the age of manhood, he published an affectionate tribute to the memory of the Earl of Devonshire, in the shape of some verses entitled "Fame's Memorial," etc. Twenty-three years after this date we again find him before the

public. In 1629 he published his "Lover's Melancholy," which he assures us, in his dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn, was his first printed dramatic effort. It is probable that he composed several plays in the long interim for representation, although none of them had as yet emanated from the press. Happily for our curiosity, his dedications afford us some irrefragable testimony as to the history of the compositions to which they are attached. The first play, the product of Ford's mind, that appeared on the stage, seems to have been, "Tis pity she's a Whore," although it was not published until 1633. In the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, the author styles it "the first fruit of his leisure in this action." From the very nature of this play, its damnation ensues. The horrible traits in the characters of the hero and heroine of the piece render it unfit for perusal by the young, and sickening to the old. It is pleasing however to hear the author's real sentiments in the very opening of the play, from the mouth of Friar Bonaventura, (a second Friar Laurence:)—

"Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,
These are no school-points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jests! Wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discovered first the nearest way to hell,
And filled the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
And He thou talk'st of is above the sun.
No more;—I may not hear it."

Hear the lover describing the charms of his mistress, in an impassioned strain worthy of Ariosto himself:—

"View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world of variety:
For coral, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that form."

Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music for the citizens in heaven."

A single specimen more must suffice for this tragedy. In strong contrast with the foregoing, we select an extract in which the Friar describes the consequences of sin:—

— "There is a place
(List, daughter!) in a black and hollow vault
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness. In this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabbed,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust."

Although a most hideous and enormous sin is held up in this tragedy to the popular odium, yet even the goodness of the author's motives can scarce excuse his subject. Still, he has the slight defense that he may have taken the hint from the ancient Greek drama, in which this vice was not of uncommon occurrence. And in this feeling we are borne out by some of the most able critics. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope" held still stronger language in this connection; and the late Charles Lamb, in a note to an extract from this play, says: "Sir Thomas Browne, in the last chapter of his *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. The chapter is entitled, *Of some relations whose truth we fear*. His reasoning is solemn and fine: 'Lastly, as there are many relations whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are many relations whose truth we fear, and heartily wish there were no verity therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in history, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; whose not only verities but relations honest minds do deprecate. For of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftentimes a sin even in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that thus they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity as they fall from their rarity; for

men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villany; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious example of ages past poisons the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a *Pancirollus*, nor remain any Register but that of Hell.' *Pancirollus* wrote '*De Antiquis Perditis*, or of the Lost Inventions of Antiquity.'"

We take leave of this play, for the "Lover's Melancholy," with feelings much akin to those inspired by stepping from a cold, damp charnel-house, into an airy, agreeable garden. This tragi-comedy we have alluded to before: it is undoubtedly a most superior production, containing several passages that would singly suffice to immortalize any man. The plot is also of a graceful character. In it our author delineates with a master's hand the progress and cure of two kinds of insanity, without suffering the interest of the piece to pall for a moment. The reader will agree with Mr. Lamb in regard to the following extract, that "it is as fine as any thing in Beaumont and Fletcher, and almost equals the strife it celebrates." It depicts a contest between a Musician and a Nightingale: the tale on which it is founded is familiar to all classical readers:—

"*Menaphon*. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales

Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates of my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony

Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
A Nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
down;

He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The Nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds, which when her trembling
throat

Failed in, down dropt she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and
cried,

'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray an harmless peace
To an untimely end; and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly slept in.'

We may as well state here, that under the
sanction of very competent authority, we
have ventured to clip and curtail the fore-
going, from a dialogue to a monologue, in
order to render it a more perfect excerpt.

We now come to the "Broken Heart,"
which, taken all in all, is undoubtedly Ford's
chef d'œuvre. This tragedy, which would have
reflected credit upon Shakspeare himself,
was first published in 1633, and is dedicated
to the heroic Earl Craven. We may be ex-
cused for dwelling some time upon it, as it
will serve to put forth the masterly genius
of its author better than any other of his
works. Let us again resort to Mr. Lamb,
whose language is incapable of improve-
ment: "I do not know where to find in any
play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and
so surprising as this. This is indeed, ac-
cording to Milton, 'to describe high passions
and high actions.' The fortitude of the

Spartan boy, who let a beast gnaw out his
bowels till he died, without expressing a
groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilacer-
ation of the spirit, and excruciation of the
inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy
violence against her nature, keeps closely
covered, till the last duties of a Wife and a
Queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdoms
are but of chains and the stake; a little
bodily suffering; these torments

'On the purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.'

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths
and its weaknesses! Who would be less
weak than Calantha? who can be so strong?
The expression of this transcendent scene
almost bears me in imagination to Calvary
and the Cross; and I seem to perceive some
analogy between the scenical sufferings which
I am here contemplating, and the real ago-
nies of that final completion to which I dare
no more than hint a reference." The plot is
as follows: Penthea, a noble Spartan dame,
betrothed by her father and a mutual love
to Orgilus, is, on her father's death, com-
pelled by her brother, Ithocles, to wed
Bassanes, a jealous old lord. Ithocles, in
time, is enamored of Penthea's friend, the
Princess Calantha, and after long interces-
sion, prevails on his sister to exert her in-
fluence with Calantha in his favor. Orgilus,
however, still retains his implacable anger
towards Ithocles, and at length assassinates
him, when he had inspired the Princess with
so great an attachment that she had con-
sented to marry him. From the many noble
passages throughout, we select the following,
in strong contrast with Falstaff's well-known
ideas on the same subject:—

"Honor consists not in a bare opinion,
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave;
Such honor comes by accident, not nature;
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: but real honor
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valor, which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honor, who for lucre or revenge
Commits thefts, treasons, murders, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice."

The scene where Penthea persuades the
Princess to accede to her brother's suit is so
perfect, that we cannot resist the temptation

to transcribe it, fearful lest in making extracts we may mar one of its beauties. It must be premised that Penthea, through the machinations of this very brother, is now tottering on the verge of the grave.

Calantha. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Penthea. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
for.

My glass of life, sweet Princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue; beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When easy troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts!

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, Princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak; and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially.
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beahrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion; then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. [*Aside.*] In this paper
My will was characterized; which you, with pardon
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, pr'ythee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock

By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than raging of their blood; and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage:
May these be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with.

Pen. 'Tis my fame, I trust
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeeming charity, without dishonor!

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harm-
less sport

Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy tale.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
The gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What say'st thou!

Pen. Impute not, Heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, Princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly!

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks; but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service.
Yet this lost creature loves thee. Be a Princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behavior, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure!

Pen. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just

To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh! most unkind.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye! Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

While celebrating the nuptial feast of two of her favorites, Calantha is suddenly notified by one messenger, that the King her father is dead; by another, that Penthea has committed suicide by starvation; and finally Orgilus announces that Ithocles, with whom the Princess had interchanged pledges of mutual love, is cruelly murdered by his hand. The struggle with which the now Queen restrains her emotions amply justifies Mr. Lamb's eulogia. Having meted out to all the actors in her unhappy drama of life their proper dooms, Calantha transfers the crown to her cousin Nearchus, Prince of Argos; and finally, the corpse of Ithocles being brought forward in solemn state, and placed upon the stage, she expires upon the coffin of her lover, with this soliloquy:—

— Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.
[Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.]
Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came hurrying on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced
forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-
cries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-
strings.
Let me die smiling. [Dies.]

An intelligent critic has suggested that the catastrophe in this play is far from being faultless; that some distinction should be drawn between the fates of the virtuous Calantha and the malignant Orgilus—of the generous Penthea and the jealous old Basanes. But with all due deference to this opinion, we beg leave to dissent from it. To a noble mind, death in certain circumstances is the most precious boon. And setting aside the great moral truth, that

“Tis not the whole of life to live;
Nor all of death to die,”

which perhaps is not peculiarly apropos in this connection, we still think that it would seriously degrade the lofty characters of Penthea and Calantha, were they to be temporally rewarded in the course of the drama, and that Ford has shown a deep insight into the nobler feelings of the heart in

his conclusion. Sir Walter Scott elegantly expressed the ideas we have sought to convey, in language somewhat as follows: “A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded, rather than exalted, by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, . . . the reader will be apt to say, verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial and the sacrifices of passion to principle are seldom thus remunerated, and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away.”

“Love's Sacrifice,” first printed in 1633, is the next, in point of time, of our author's works. Its general merit is the delineation of the gradual progress of the jealous passion, the virtuous fortitude, and the insatiate revenge in the breasts of his characters. The intriguing, Machiavelian policy of the Italian courts of that age is also well depicted. It would seem to have been better received on representation in its day than others by the same author to which it is decidedly inferior. This temporary triumph was undoubtedly owing to the deference paid to the low tastes of the *canaille*, in the introduction of various vulgar passages. Mr. Weber considers the whole play an imitation of Shakspeare's Othello; and in truth there is ground for such an insinuation. Ford is well known to have been an ardent admirer of the “harmonious monarch of the mind;” and as we shall presently see, ventured on a still more palpable attempt to rival his great master. We have not marked any passages from this play for quotation, lest we fatigue our readers with unfair specimens of its author's merits. In 1634, Ford seems to have temporarily laid aside his plays in which the higher passions predominated, and

committed the most egregious blunder of attempting openly to compete with Shakspeare in the Historical Drama. "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" was probably intended by its author to connect Shakspeare's chain of English historical plays, by coming in between the dramas of Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth. In affirming the poet's failure, we must in candor admit that he labored under disadvantages more than sufficient to appall any ordinary mind. He would undoubtedly have better consulted his fame, had he never deserted that line of dramatic composition which evidently constitutes his forte. The auditories of those days did not receive "Perkin Warbeck" with any great degree of favor: nevertheless, testimonies of the regard in which it was held by several of the literati of the time (among others, we may refer to the celebrated Dr. Donne) still exist in their works. It was reprinted in 1715 and in 1745, by the friends of the House of Hanover, to excite and foster ill feeling against the Jacobite cause; albeit the author had dedicated it to that famous Earl of Newcastle whose staunch adherence to the Stuart cause during the Great Rebellion has tended more to immortalize him than his literary productions have done. The final act possesses much real merit: several of the speeches are very grand, and worthy of Shakspeare. What utter contempt is shown by Warbeck to the suggestion of his predecessor in rebellion, Lambert Simnel, that he should sue for pardon to King Henry VII. :—

"For pardon! Hold, my heartstrings, whilst contempt

Of injuries in scorn may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! Thou, poor vermin,

How dar'st thou creep so near me? Thou an earl?
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all thy swing of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle
By virtue of the sunbeams breathes a vapor
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes.
But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou wouldst not change condition to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself!
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
But let the world, as all to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to Time deliver,
And by tradition fix posterity,

Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of majesty."

Nor is the scene where the quasi Richard IV. is led to the scaffold less imposing. His speech is just what we should expect from Warbeck, were his character a real and not an assumed one. This is no place to discuss the question whether his claims—backed as they were by Margaret of Burgundy, the aunt of York, and by James IV. of Scotland—were genuine or false. Yet the passion that makes him in his death-agonies reaffirm his title could not have been other than real courage inspired either by a conviction of truth, or by a singularly gross self-deception. Let us proceed to the passage itself :—

"Oxford. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed

To wait on you in death.

Warbeck. Why, Peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy,) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings Plantagenets determines
In this last issue male. Heaven be obeyed.
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends;
And we will prove us trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much: to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood: here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion: so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er
death!"

We will venture to assert that a large majority of those readers who methodically peruse Shakspeare from beginning to end, have regretted and do regret the omission of any history of the reign of Henry VII.; and he who is lost in the bald, flat narrative of Lord Bacon will sympathize with them. But Shakspeare must have seen the great inapplicability of that reign to theatrical purposes; this renders the attempt of Ford more chivalric, if we may be allowed so to style it, to venture on a flight at which Shakspeare hesitated. Our author probably held with Montrose, twenty years after :

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

And much as Ford's effort is below his teacher's, it is undoubtedly a very creditable composition.

We have now come to a period in Ford's life when the whole current of his mind must have undergone a complete change. Heretofore his compositions may generally be noted for their solemn and serious cast; but the only two remaining products of his pen are of a totally different nature; more in the style of some of Fletcher's best comedies, with any of which they will favorably compare. The first of these is styled "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," printed in 1638. In the prologue Ford assures us that

—— "in it is shown
Nothing but what our author knows his own,
Without a learned theft."

The extreme singularity of the plot has called forth some invidious censure, inasmuch as it withdraws the attention from the general style and execution of the composition itself. It strikes us that an equally sensible objection would be found against the *Tempest*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We think that a critical examination will decide that if any fault is to be found, it must be with the plot *per se*, on account of its improbability. Some of the passages scattered throughout are so admirably adapted for quotation, that we cannot resist giving one:—

—— "She was once an innocent,
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
As is that canopy when mists and vapors
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence."

In 1639 the "Lady's Trial" was published; akin in its nature to the last, but both in plot and in composition infinitely superior. As a whole it is to our mind equal to any thing of the kind that ever Fletcher penned. Mr. Weber says of it: "There are scenes which may be read by the most sagacious critic, and defy the severest scrutiny. The characters of the noble Auria, the precise and scrupulous Aurelio, the discontented Malfato, and the gay Adurni, are well contrasted with the strutting Guzman, the conceited Fulgoso, and the roaring Benatzi. In Castanna and Spinella

Ford evinces that his skill in the delineation of the female character had not deserted him to the last. The parting scene of Auria and his wife in the first act; his altercation with the friend of his heart in the third; the arraignment of Adurni in the fourth, and the reconciliation of Spinella and Auria in the fifth, would not disgrace the pages of any of his dramatic contemporaries." The gist of the plot is briefly, that whilst in enjoyment of all temporal dignities, the husband can find no happiness until his wife, whom he falsely suspected to be unchaste, has returned to him with proofs of her innocence.

The following is Auria's advice to Spinella, on his departure for the wars:—

—— "The steps
Young ladies tread left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, tho' undeserved.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest;
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla to report;
Some widow'd neglect of hand, some value;
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enriched with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue in her life-time writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs.
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting sealed this kiss.
No more."

This passage has many elegant points; the anxious care with which the husband dictates the proper course of conduct to be pursued by his wife, is admirably drawn. Perhaps, however, if husbands, in that as well as the present day, treated their wives more like human beings, and less slaves or pets, who were withdrawn from the domestic influence by a day's absence, there would be considerably less family unhappiness in this world. The following outburst, in which Malfato works up his personal spleen against the lord Adurni, into a fancied slight upon his social position, has been much and deservedly admired:—

—— "I am
A gentleman, free-born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouched
Unto the offal of an office promised,

Reward for long attendance, and then miss'd.
I read no difference betwixt this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I'm sure more ancient."

It may not be amiss to mention here, that there is nothing more extant of which John Ford was the undoubted author. Of the "Sun's Darling," a Masque by Ford and Dekker, and of the "Witch of Edmonton," a tragedy by Ford, Rowley, and several others, we forbear saying any thing, since it is impossible to discriminate correctly and accurately as to what precise portions came from our author's hand; and with the others engaged in composing them, we have nothing here to do. Nevertheless, we may state that they are very meritorious productions. The plot of the former is ingenious and the language beautiful; the latter is founded on the belief so prevalent throughout Christendom during the seventeenth century. Nor must we omit to notice the numerous beautiful little songs which are scattered through the preceding plays. Some of them are perfect gems, and will recall very forcibly to the reader's mind similar verses which we meet in Shakspeare and Jonson. We give three or four as specimens.

SONG—FROM THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

"Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Loves and griefs are so expressed,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep."

The following are from the Broken Heart, before alluded to:—

PENTHEA'S SONG.

"Oh, no more, no more! too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burned out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now love dies,
Now love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying!"

A DIRGE ON CALANTHA'S DEATH.

"Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind

Is not troubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honors flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death: though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart."

We have thus briefly noticed all that remains of Ford's compositions. Other plays he was undoubtedly the author of, but they were never printed, and the manuscripts are not extant. Every thing connected with our author seems to have hazarded existence; his very death, even, is unknown, when, where or how? There is good reason, however, to suppose that he did not survive much after 1640; but nothing positive can be adduced on this point. The tales told of his contests with Ben Jonson, etc., are at present received with no credit. They are undoubtedly forgeries of the last century; Malone and Campbell regard them in this light. Ford's compositions are remarkable for the extreme delicacy with which the female character, particularly when depressed by adverse circumstances, is portrayed. His melodious and polished versification also commands our praise. Undoubtedly, he is as much inferior, as an author, to Ben Jonson and Fletcher, as they were to Shakspeare. But with Middleton, Rowley and Massinger, comparisons may be instituted by Ford's admirers without fear of the consequences. His style has much less vigor and masculine energy than Massinger's, but yet possesses far more sweetness and polish. In fine, we may conclude this critique in the eloquent language of the author of *Elia*: "Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella [see the play first noticed in this article] we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shows hints of an improvable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature."

THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

"The manor, sir! what hath the manor done?
 The house is an honest house of wood and stone;
 And all the land's as free from taint or vice
 As that which Adam walked in Paradise.
 In man's own bosom doth the Tempter dwell;
 There springs the crime, and there is felt the hell."—CRABBE.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN sight of a road which constitutes the principal thoroughfare across one of the counties of Eastern Virginia, there was standing forty years ago a large frame mansion, an object of more than common notice to every traveller. A spacious portico, stretching along the front of the main building, sent its columns upward to the level of the eaves, for the support of the projecting gable and its heavy moulding; while on either side was a wing as high as the central structure, but sufficiently withdrawn to throw out the entrance in bold relief. The house, as we have said, was of frame, and, at the time to which we refer, a brilliant coat of ordinary whitewash covered the exterior of the lower story; but by way of contrast, all above the sills of the second tier of windows showed the natural hue of the yellow poplar, only obscured here and there by dingy relics of the paint which had been applied under ancient and very different auspices. The beautiful slope which had once been a lawn was now a magnificent cabbage patch. Yonder, to the left, by the rivulet that struggles so gracefully through the grassy valley, there *had* been a Grecian summer-house, half embowered in trees; the site was now occupied by a pig-sty. In the room of the garden paling, which, as furnishing such convenient kindling-wood, had long since been converted into smoke and ashes, stood a huge but rickety worm fence. The only objects that exhibited no evidence of change were the solid wall of gray freestone inclosing the burial-place of the ancient family, and the noble willows that overshadowed each angle.

Poverty was not the excuse for these inroads of barbarism, for not even in its palm-

iest days had the mansion acknowledged a wealthier owner than Stephen Trenchard, with his hundred negroes and ten thousand acres of fertile hill and bottom. Nor was the old man, as might be suspected, a miser; the scores whom his bounty had assisted defend his name from such a stigma.

In the State militia, Trenchard had attained the rank of Colonel; and if an indomitable will gives claim to martial titles, he deserved them. With an irascible temperament, he possessed that usual counterpoise, easy placability; yet it was observed that if his resentment in any case survived the first interval of quiet, it was apt to rankle ever after in his mind with a bitterness that admitted of no alleviation.

Fair and open in his dealings, whether of kindness or hostility, respected by his neighbors, and affectionately cherished by his slaves, to whom he was at once an imperious and an indulgent master, he might, with all his riches, have deserved no more lengthy tribute to his memory than I have already given, were it not for one or two incidents in the latter part of his life. These I now proceed to relate. The bare facts are themselves sufficiently singular, and I shall not attempt to add any sort of artificial interest.

On an evening in September, in the sixty-fourth year of Colonel Trenchard's age, he received information that one of his distant tobacco fields had been found very much injured by the cold of the preceding night, and every thing betokened a still heavier frost during that which was about to ensue. He was anxious and vexed, and in consequence retired to bed sooner than usual. Though the crop threatened with destruction was of many thousand dollars' value, its danger may yet seem too trivial a matter to deserve re-

vival; but all the particulars which we are now giving—many of them of much less apparent significance than the damage to the tobacco—were at that time revolved and investigated and discussed with an animation very different from any ordinary estimation of their importance. The old man slept uneasily, and finally awoke with a start like one whom the cares of the day haunt in his dreams. It must be mentioned here that he had been an energetic overseer of his negroes as long as his personal activity lasted, and that he retained even now the practice of blowing a horn at early day-break to awaken the household, and of afterwards taking note that his field hands at least *started* to their work in due season. On the morning we have referred to, Trenchard hastily dressed, lighted a candle, and, without looking at his watch to satisfy himself as to the hour, stepped into the passage at whose further extremity was a window opening in the direction of the quarters, and out of which he was accustomed to sound his blast. In this hall he met an old black man, who, having just ascended from the lower story, was on his way to his chamber in the attic.

"Heigho, marser! what fur wid de horn now?" exclaimed the servant.

"Why, to make you all get up, you block-head!"

"Bless us, we's got a *young* marser instead of de old; he's gwine fur to make us work early, sure enough—He-he-he!"

"What are you grinning for, Ichabod?"

"Why, look dar!"—they now stood before the window—"gwine to take moonlight for sunshine. See de moon jus' ris all red as young gal's lips—call dat *day*?" And Ichabod, bending nearly double, pointed to the eastern horizon with a tremulous, skinny finger.

"You're right, you're right, old boy. The moon rose last night, by the almanac, at ten minutes past two, so it can't be much after three now. But what makes you a-stirring at this time?"

"Why, I hearn the sheep-bells jingle over beynt the orchard, and so——"

"The mischief you did! Those confounded curs at it again? But you didn't go alone, did you?"

"No, Sir. I wuk Dick, and we went over, and sure there we did find the dogs makin' 'struction."

"How many were there?"

"Three; one ob 'em a great big, shaggy, yaller fellow, most like Mister——"

"It was Sol Frazier's, I'll be bound."

"Yes, dat's what I tink, Marser Steve," continued the negro. "Well, we driv 'em off, and Dick killed one with a fence rail. But they'd done a sight of harm; de flock so big t'udder time sim now like a poor, 'spisable free nigger's. Out o' satisfaction, I counted dem dat was deceased. I skup de small heaps, tinkin dey must be spring lambs, an' seed four dozen and a half. Dick says he counts upwards sixty in all. Howsomever, dere's a mortal loss and a mortal luck too, for de last new moon ris on my left shoulder. But Heaven save us!"

To account for honest Ichabod's exclamation, we must explain that his master, without attending to his concluding reflection, muttered rapidly to himself, "What! sixty of my prime lot gone! the best sheep in the country; not to be matched any where! It's too much—it's too much. Why didn't you get up sooner and save them, you rascal?" This was to the astounded black; and then pealing forth a thundering oath, (we are sorry to say that Trenchard was not unfrequently guilty of profanity,) he hurled the candlestick that he carried violently against the floor.

The negro had nearly dropped *his* light in the effort to express his consternation fully by expanding both palms at once, but he fortunately retained self-possession enough to prevent the double loss. His master seemed to have relieved himself by this explosion of passion, and calmly taking the candle-stick from him, said:

"There, now, Ichabod, the moon's well up, and you can find your way to bed without a light. Go, and we'll talk more about it in the morning."

Thus speaking, he withdrew to his chamber, closed the door, and without extinguishing Ichabod's candle, which he placed on the bureau, or removing any part of his dress, threw himself upon the bed. The bedstead, old-fashioned and very high, stood in the middle of the apartment, and had on one side the convenience and almost necessity of a set of steps to ascend it. An hour or two after, Ichabod, who occupied the room immediately above, and who, like most old negroes, seemed to exist without sleep, heard a noise in his master's chamber as of a sud-

den fall, and then a succession of slighter sounds which imagination could convert into stamps upon the floor. He lay still awhile, but heard nothing; then he arose from his pallet soliloquizing: "Must be up; mought want to 'quire more 'bout dem sheep."

The moon gave sufficient light to enable him to descend the stairs without difficulty, but he found the passage more obscure. Groping his way along it, he at length reached the door of his master's room, and peering through the key-hole, perceived the candle still burning; but nothing more was visible, nor was there the slightest sound within. He waited several minutes listening attentively, but with no result. He knocked gently and spoke: "Marser!" then louder: "Marser!" Still no sound. Slumber so heavy as not to be broken by these calls could not, he thought, be disturbed by opening the door. Accordingly, turning the knob as quietly as the tremulousness of his fingers would permit, he thrust his head within.

To his horror, the old black saw Mr. Trenchard hanging by his neck from one of the bed-posts, apparently lifeless. Running up hastily he endeavored to raise the body and release it from the noose, but his strength was inadequate. He glanced wildly around, and seeing no cutting instrument within reach, rushed into the passage, shouting at the extent of his lungs: "Hallo! Hallo! Marser's *hung*—marsers's *dead*! Help—help—marsers's *dead*!"

Then the faithful fellow hurried back to the chamber, and supported the body so far as in some measure to relieve the pressure upon the neck. His aged limbs were strained to the utmost, and broad drops of sweat bathed his forehead ere assistance came. But the interval, measured by the sluggish hands of the clock, was very brief; and persons, attracted by the cries which he continued to utter, ran to the spot from all parts of the house. Besides the negroes, came Mr. Mercer, a gentleman whose residence was some five miles off, and who had called at the house after Trenchard had retired to his chamber.

The rope was of course cut, and such restorative means used as suggested themselves at the instant.

Very soon an elderly lady, dressed in black, entered the apartment, and perceiving the state of Mr. Trenchard, addressed one of the servants: "Here, run, John, to Sally's

house; you will find Dr. Middleton there; ask him to come immediately."

The boy returned in a few minutes, accompanied by Mr. Skinner, the overseer, and the Dr. Middleton referred to, a young man whose grave and quiet manner made him appear much older than he was. The skill of the physician and the assiduous efforts of the others were at length rewarded with symptoms of returning animation in the patient, who being removed to another apartment, opportunity was afforded to investigate the late event more particularly than urgent anxiety had before permitted.

Dr. Middleton commenced:

"So, Mr. Mercer, if I understood you aright, you think Col. Trenchard attempted suicide?"

"What else can I suppose? Yet Ichabod must possess more full information. Come, old man, tell us all about it."

The negro narrated at much length all that he knew of the occurrences of the night.

"Then you think nobody else had a hand in this unfortunate business, and that your master tried to kill himself?"

"Sartain, Doctor, I does tink de debbel tuk de chance when he was 'plexed and bothered, and give him de rope to hang hisself with."

"Yet I cannot think it," said Middleton.

"You would 'gree with me, sir," returned Ichabod, "if you'd seen the way his eyes did shine when he pitched the candle 'cross the passage. Thinks I to myself then, 'The Old Boy's in marsers.' And then the way he sort of *laughed* when he tuk my candle and told me to go to bed was wuss than de eye-glitter. And 'sides, who else could a done it; who *would* a done it?"

"This is indeed a hard question, Ichabod. But, Mr. Mercer, I should be glad to learn from you more precisely how you found Col. Trenchard. It appears to me there is not sufficient space between the floor and where the head-board of the bed unites with the post to prevent a man's feet from touching the floor."

"Truly," replied Mercer, "this is the most singular part of the affair. I found his knees doubled up almost against his breast, and while one end of the rope was fastened to the post, the single knot, or shir, as it is called, being near the middle of it, the other end was tied to his ankles, and confined them

together. The effect of this arrangement was, that every convulsive motion of his lower limbs, and every effort to place his feet upon the floor, drew the knot tighter at the neck."

"But could he have bound himself in this way?"

"I see no impossibility in the case. He had but to tie his ankles, then bending his knees, to place the slip-knot around his throat; finally, having secured the other extremity—and surely, the will being made up, there was no difficulty in all this—then to roll from the bed."

"It is possible, I admit," said the doctor; "but let us look about us a little." So saying, as it was now broad day, he extinguished the light, and walking to the window, drew aside the curtain. "Ha! what's this?" he exclaimed, pointing as he spoke to the plain impression of a muddy foot frozen on the piazza roof upon which the window opened.

"But I discover no similar prints inside. Ah, now I see it all; the villain removed his boots for fear of the noise. And look here, on the window-sill, where the two boots were put down together until his return. A large foot he had too; let us take the dimensions: twelve inches by four. Come, suppose we go below now."

As they passed the door of the adjoining room, Middleton paused a moment.

"How is the Colonel, Mrs. Montgomery?"

"He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, doctor, looked around, but is now fallen into a gentle slumber."

Going along further, they met a young lady.

"Ah, doctor," she exclaimed, "what is all this stir about?"

"An attempt has been made, Miss Lucy, to kill the Colonel."

"To kill my uncle! And my mother?"

"You will find her nursing him in the room adjoining his own; but we must endeavor to trace the murderer."

With this, Mercer, Skinner and he bowed and walked on.

Along the bottom of the piazza, by one of whose columns the assassin seemed to have descended, was a grass walk. Here they were at first at fault. Mercer and Skinner followed what they thought a track leading towards the front of the house, but they had just lost it when they were drawn back by the calls of Middleton, who had taken, as

the most natural course, a walk which intersected the other at right angles, and led by the wall of the old grave-yard to a corn-field. At the edge of the latter he perceived plain footsteps answering in size to those on the roof. The crust formed by the frost had evidently been broken no long time previous. They followed the trail thus gained across the wide corn-field, then over a narrow meadow to the edge of a small stream, and along this to a public road; here they were again at fault. Mercer thought the track turned to the right, and Middleton assented, but Skinner remarked that these footprints were probably those of some chance traveller that morning, and the supposition was confirmed when they perceived them also on the left side of the run, and leading in the same direction as on the other.

Middleton suggested that the man might not have got into the road *here*, but kept along the inside of the fence; and clambering back to make investigation, found a spot where he thought the assassin in the darkness had walked directly through the water. His companions came to the place, but were not satisfied of his correctness until they discovered on the opposite side the impression of one large foot in a bank of sand which the water did not cover.

"Yes, we have it now," exclaimed young Skinner; "that's the *right* foot; the other must have been put on this flat stone. And see! here the steps go along the narrow turning-row next the fence."

With renewed zeal they now proceeded onward, following the footprints in this direction for a distance of two or three hundred yards, then crossing the fence, up the road a few yards more, and after that into another corn-field on the opposite side. Through this the track was very plainly marked, though pursuing a rather winding course. It terminated at a broad fence which formed the inclosure of a yard in the rear of a small frame house. There was a shed at the side of the yard, and in the corner of this shed they found a pair of large boots carelessly thrown together. The boots were heavily incrustated with mud, and corresponded with the dimensions taken by the doctor on Colonel Trenchard's window-sill.

There was no one yet stirring in the house, and the party, leaving the boots, withdrew to the outside for consultation.

"Whose house is this?" asked Mr. Mercer.

"Young Randolph's," replied Skinner; "Stephen Randolph's—Colonel Trenchard's nephew."

"This deed cannot, of course, have been done with his connivance," said Mercer.

"Why, I don't know," rejoined the overseer. "These are his boots, for I have seen him wear them."

"I am unwilling to suspect Mr. Randolph," observed Middleton; "yet it is but too true that Colonel Trenchard and he had an angry conversation together, and Randolph is—"

"Violent in temper, you would say," interrupted Mercer. "I know it; but this very impetuosity is incompatible with the cool, cowardly malignity of such an act as this."

"Yet this present evidence," suggested Middleton.

"True," answered the other; "it cannot be denied that even if inconclusive, it affords ground for very grave suspicion. Young Randolph is Trenchard's nearest relative."

"He is," said the doctor, "and unless cut off by a will, his heir."

"Well," said Mercer, after a long pause, "I see not what else we can do, than go to a magistrate and get a warrant for his arrest. Who is nearest?"

"Squire Selden," answered Skinner.

"He will do very well. And the sooner we are off the better. Come."

CHAPTER II.

IN David Chapman's house, which stood at the upper end of the little village of Delvinton, the fiddle was going merrily all night. In those lusty old days, when gentlemen and ladies were men and women, the parties or frolics—the more appropriate term for those lively merry-makings—commenced in the afternoon ere candles were needed, and oftentimes lasted until the morning sun had long mocked their feeble glimmer.

At Chapman's, persons were coming and going all night. One of those who arrived latest was a young man whose fine person and handsome countenance, though dashed, the one with a certain careless freedom of motion, and the other with a wild and sometimes dare-devil expression, seemed to make him an object of much attention, as well to

the fairer portion of the assembly as to the masculine.

Stephen Randolph made his greetings rapidly and with a tone in keeping with the boisterous mirth that prevailed, and then turning to the host, he said, "So, Dave, my old fellow, your son Jack's not here?"

"No, he hasn't got home yet."

"Hurrah! then I've won the bet! Jack and I were determined to have a share of your sport, and left Fuller's—away back of 'Jumping Run,' you know—just an hour and forty minutes after midnight; he took the upper road, and I the lower. As we started, he bet me ten dollars he would be here first. But, pshaw! he hadn't my *Nancy* to ride. I have been to my house, and have walked up from there here—quite a step."

"You have been smart, indeed," said Chapman; "it must be full fifteen miles from Fuller's, and very uncertain riding till the moon rose."

"But I saved two or three miles of that; I—"

"You didn't cross the 'deep ford' surely in the dark?"

This was spoken by a third person, a short, substantially-built man, with a rubicund face, whose features seemed put together to represent the very ideal of jollity and fun.

"Ah, Sandy Leach, is that you? But I *did* take the short-cut, and through the deep ford too. It was plaguy dark, and the boiling hole below croaked mightily, as if it wanted to give me a shake; but I can't be drowned, you know—I hope I'm not born to be *hung*. Here's Jack Chapman, however. Well, sir, you have that change ready, I suppose."

"You've beat me, sure enough, Steve," said the young man who now entered; "but you mustn't give your mare *Nancy* all the credit of it. My saddle-girth broke as I was galloping down the 'Toilsome,' and I had a nice pitch against the rocks. I'd have been later than this if a big darkey—what's-his-name's Jim—hadn't caught my horse. But I'll be into dad's till to-morrow,—I give the old man fair notice, you see,—I'll open the till and make free with an X. So you may consider our account settled up square in preparation for another race, and, if you choose, another bet."

"Ah, Steve," cried that laughing individual, Sandy Leach, "you will soon be rich at this rate. And doubly lucky you are too,

for all the girls are setting their caps for you. There in the other room sits Ellen Mills, for instance, pouting and sighing for handsome Stephen Randolph. You might have a worse chance, for if you give up your wild habits and make a steady husband to Miss Ellen, her old maiden aunt will doubtless leave you a pretty penny. Up to her, boy!"

"You had better take her yourself, Sandy. I am sure you are old enough to marry, with bad practices enough too for correction; and then you can charge an extra percentage on the shop goods you sell to support the increase of family during the happy interval occupied in studying the Catechism and the old lady's catalogue of ailments. I'll be generous and make over all the interest I possess, so jog across and let us see a rehearsal of Falstaff's courtship; ask her to dance the next set with you."

"I will, Steve, on condition that if she *refuses* me, you will allow me to ask for *you*."

"Well, you may."

"Go around, then," said Leach, "into the little back room, and you can overhear the dialogue without being noticed."

"Come, Steve," said Jack Chapman, taking his arm, "let's see what the old chap is after."

"I am hardly certain that it would be right," replied Randolph, without yielding to his gesture of solicitation. "It is well enough to joke about the matter among ourselves, but we should not trifle with the girl's feelings."

"Heigho! then you really have the vanity to believe her in love with you?"

"Pshaw!" said Randolph, his composure a little disturbed; "go ahead, I'll follow."

When they had reached their station, Leach was standing before the young lady.

"Lovely Miss Ellen, you seem to be lonesome," he commenced, with a simper; "may I have the honor to invite you to dance the next cotillion?"

"Dance with *you*, sir?" said she, turning up her pretty nose contemptuously; "I must first be certain that you know how to dance. Come, let us have a forward-two on the floor here. Look, girls; see Mr. Leach practise his steps."

"You mistake, Miss Mills," answered Sandy Leach, pretending to blush; "I come to engage your hand for Mr. Randolph, who will be here presently. Ah, there he is now. Come, Steve."

The lady, when this explanation was confirmed by Randolph in person, accepted the offered partner very graciously, and as he took her hand, smiled upon him with evident pleasure.

"Hold, Miss Ellen," cried Leach; "that sweet smile, and the still sweeter words that are going to follow it, belong to *me*. Stephen has made you over in full, surrendered all right and title; but I'll be liberal"—a graceful wave of the hands attended this declaration—"I'll be very liberal, and allow him this one cotillion with you."

"How, Mr. Randolph?" said Ellen quite sharply, for old Leach was not much in error when he said she was attached to the dashing young man; "have you been giving me away?"

"Not so, Miss Mills; I only gave all my interest with you. I was well aware that this was nothing at all; had it been equal to the weight of a straw, I should have sought a worthier person to bestow so valuable a present upon than an incorrigible old scamp like Alexander Leach."

The general manner with which this was said seemed to express merely a lively jest, but there was something in the tone that rung out like earnest. And afterwards, when he led the pretty girl towards the position they were to occupy in the dance, the few expressions which he had time for, though they were spoken with the utmost consideration and courtesy, served to teach his companion in time that if she should cherish an affection for him, she could not hope that it would be reciprocated. An artist who had witnessed the scene would have pronounced it one well worthy of his pencil; and Randolph, distinguished not more by his splendid person than by an air of native dignity from the unpolished throng around him, whilst the consciousness of a generous and manly purpose gave an expression of nobleness to his countenance, might easily have been taken as the realization of the most poetic conception of the Gentleman.

The cotillion was over, and the couples composing it were mingled together through the room, when a constable, named Forcer, entered, and advancing indirectly to Stephen Randolph, laid his hand upon his arm as if to arrest him.

The young man laughed good-humoredly and said: "This is the best joke yet; but you ought to have had a warrant ready

filled out, with the signature of Justice Shallow."

"I am sorry, sir, but my warrant is a more real one," replied the constable, extending a paper.

"Pretty well acted indeed, most forcible Forcer," said Randolph, without looking at the document; "but Sandy (for I suppose he made up the joke) ought to have got some one else to play the constable: you are so practised in the trade that the prosy tone *will* stick to you. You don't mouth it off with the sonorous bluster that the Englishman Dunlap gave it at the Richmond theatre last winter. But what's the amount? If it is not excessive, I may coax these liberal people to give me the benefit of a collection. Or suppose I pay it with a check on a bank? You may name any one from Boston to New-Orleans, for I believe I have equal credit in all."

"But, Mr. Randolph, I assure you there is no jesting in the matter. You know that your uncle's life has been attempted."

"The mischief I do! But what then?"

"You have been charged with committing the act; this warrant is issued by Mr. Selden, to whose house you will please accompany me."

"Sir!" said Randolph fiercely, "do you call me a murderer—the murderer of my uncle?—a pitiful wretch like you call Stephen Randolph *murderer*?"

"Remember, sir, that I am but the instrument of the law. You are my prisoner." As he spoke, the constable renewed the hold which he had relinquished during the conversation.

But Randolph, exerting his prodigious strength, seized the man with one hand by the collar, and, first raising him clear from the floor, hurled him contemptuously away.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Forcer, who was a resolute fellow, advancing a second time, "Gentlemen, I call upon you all to render your assistance."

Randolph glared around.

"Let him touch me that dares. Forcer! come not forward one step, for as sure as you are at this moment a breathing man, it will be at the peril of your life!"

"Come, Stephen," said old Chapman soothingly, "it is the *law*, you know. Don't do violence. We'll all go along and see you fairly treated."

"I won't be dragged as a felon," replied

the young man more calmly. "I will walk to Selden's of my own accord to examine into this infamous accusation; but a finger's weight shall not be laid upon me." He took his hat and strode along in dogged silence, with the constable following close behind, and the crowd covering both sides.

Just before they entered the magistrate's room, our acquaintance Mercer, who had come up the street from the opposite direction, also hurried in.

We must explain that immediately after he and Middleton had made their deposition, and seen the warrant issued, they left Skinner in the Justice's office, and hurried away to visit Trenchard.

When they arrived, the old gentleman was sitting up, and greeted them thus:

"Ah, Mercer, my old friend, how do you do? Lucy tells me that you have been hunting on the fellow's track that tried to make me kick the bucket in so rascally a way this morning. Pah! any death before hanging; it makes me choke to think of it. But did you and the doctor find out any thing?"

"Yes, sir; we have traced up the footprints to the house of Mr. Randolph, [Trenchard's countenance altered a little at the mention of this name,] and have ascertained that they were made by some one wearing a pair of boots which belong to him and were found on his premises."

"Well, has any thing further been done?"

"A warrant has been issued for his arrest."

"What! a nephew of mine charged with murder? But, sir, I beg you instantly to hasten to whatever magistrate has taken cognizance of the matter, and stay all future proceedings in it. It was a *black* man that did this outrage. I had time to observe that most distinctly."

"But, my dear sir," said Dr. Middleton, "had not the law better take its regular course? Though another hand may have committed the act, is it not possible that he may be implicated?"

"No, it is not possible, for he has the blood of the Trenchards in him. He's a wild, wasteful spendthrift, to be sure, and I sometimes reprove him severely—perhaps too severely—for his faults; but a deed like this—is it not in him, sir. Who is the magistrate?"

"Selden."

"Run then to him, my dear Mercer, or if

you prefer it, the boys will get you a horse. I would sooner chop off one hand than see the son of my sister dragged to jail suspected of murder."

In obedience to such earnest injunctions, Mr. Mercer hastened to the office of the Justice of the Peace, who, with this new information, was very ready, after a formal examination, to dismiss the case entirely.

CHAPTER III.

It has been mentioned, or ought to have been, that amidst the barbarous innovations and tokens of neglect that surrounded the mansion of Trenchard, there were for all about it gleams of correct taste. So much of the once spacious lawn as had not been irrecoverably devoted to cabbages and tobacco, was neatly fenced off to prevent the depredations of cattle and hogs, straying from the adjoining pasture. In the rear of the piazza, upon the floor of which the long windows of the sitting-room opened, was a pretty labyrinth of walks, with grassy margins, separating trimly-dressed beds, furnished with flowers and shrubbery appropriate to each season. In this little paradise were trellises and arbors, rudely made indeed, for old Ichabod was the builder, but so contrived that their very roughness and irregularity contributed to the beauty of the whole effect, and seemed the result of design. Many other things there were incongruous with the prevailing spirit of the place; some remarkable, and noticed by the most ordinary beholder; others more minute, and requiring true taste and discrimination to distinguish them. If one had inquired to whom these charming improvements were owing, the unvarying answer would have been—Lucy Montgomery.

Notwithstanding the air of loneliness that surrounded the mansion, it was frequented by many a visitor; and though Colonel Trenchard, when in the best spirits, was never a very entertaining companion, and though no drawing-room centre-table, strewn with an ever new variety of magazines and engravings, nor library, to feed the literary palate with a more substantial and sober abundance, relieved the tediousness of the day, no guest found his hours to drag heavily. If you had asked one of them to account for his enjoyment, he would only

have replied with a name—Lucy Montgomery. If a stranger had sought to know why the florid beauty of the buxom village maidens seemed no longer to be held in highest esteem by their rustic beaux, not usually as fastidious, he would have ceased to wonder when he learned that their taste had been refined by the contemplation of a model of that highest style of beauty which is both material and spiritual, and, unlike either the voluptuousness of the Medicean Venus or the severity of the "Greek Slave," combines the perfections of both. Such beauty is synonymous with loveliness; and this word would best describe Lucy Montgomery.

The venerable pastor of Delvinton once asked a little girl in the Sunday-school what sort of beings angels are. Her reply was, she thought they must be like her teacher—Miss Lucy Montgomery. The old man smiled at the answer, and the lady blushed, but joined in the smile. We believe the child was not singular in the opinion. But Lucy was not perfect, and that she was aware of this is the best proof of her approach to perfection.

Frederick Montgomery died three years previous to the date at which we have chosen to commence our narrative, and left his widow and only child, as well as his small property, to the charge of his old friend, Colonel Trenchard. Before the latter, however, had time to enter upon his duties as executor, that property, by a fall in the stock in which it was invested, was annihilated. Trenchard, with his characteristic generosity, at once insisted that Mrs. Montgomery and Lucy should consider his house their home. What made the arrangement more natural was the fact that Colonel Trenchard's wife, who had been dead a number of years, was a sister of Mrs. Montgomery, and on this ground the old gentleman required Lucy to style him uncle.

It is not to be supposed that so charming a person as Miss Montgomery could be without suitors. There were two who were thought to throw the rest into the shade—one the handsome, dashing Stephen Randolph, the other the quiet Dr. Middleton, who was supposed to be compensated for the personal advantages of his rival by more consummate skill.

There was another who would have been an aspirant for her hand, had not constitutional timidity prevented his making known

the hopes which seemed to him most visionary and vain, but were at the same time interwoven with every cord of his heart. Francis Herbert was one of that unfortunate number, who are so few that many more ruggedly constituted are apt to doubt their real existence—persons who, possessing talent and exquisite sensibility, are yet deficient in that nervous energy which alone can prevent the one gift from becoming an instrument of torture in the fruitless yearnings which it excites, and the other from adding acute suffering to every external injury. Francis was about twenty years of age, and from his delicate and almost feminine appearance, might have been reckoned younger. He also was a ward of Col. Trenchard, and, in additional resemblance to Lucy, was without fortune. Having just been graduated with honor at a Northern college, he returned to Delvinton about a week subsequent to the attack upon his guardian.

Randolph, since the occurrences in which he was so much involved, though some degree of coolness had before existed between him and his uncle, visited the mansion very frequently. He seemed to seek principally the society of Miss Montgomery, and rather studiously shunned private colloquies with his uncle, the subjects of which he was well aware were likely to be more personal than interesting. One day, however, the old gentleman caught him when there was no possibility of evasion.

"Stephen," he commenced, "you appear very fond of Lucy; I suppose you would like to marry her?"

"Yes, sir; such an event would give me the greatest pleasure. How it would affect the lady, I do not yet know."

"If it were to take place," rejoined his uncle, "I tell you how it would affect her: it would make her wretched."

"I am sorry that you think so; but what are your reasons, sir?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Stephen. To begin, you are hot-headed, violent and imperious: such qualities make a husband a domestic tyrant."

"Well, uncle, I stand a Bluebeard convicted; but what comes next?"

"Then you gamble."

"True, sir, I have shaken a pack of cards once or twice; but I promise never to play a game with my wife, so she and I can't quarrel on this score."

The Colonel shook his head gravely, but proceeded: "Thirdly, you are inclined to frequent low company; you make drinking companions of those——"

"Ah, sir," interrupted Randolph, "what can a bachelor do, living like me alone in Delvinton? But only see me married, and I'll be a pattern of regularity, as well as of every other domestic virtue. Besides, I do not think I am obnoxious to the drinking charge. To be sure, I can take my two pints of champagne like a gentleman, or, not to be discourteous, even swallow my dram of old Jamaica; but it must be something that has a good supply of bone and sinew as well as *spirit* to throw Stephen Randolph off his legs."

"Fourthly, I want to know what you have to support a family upon?"

"I'll admit this sin, uncle, like a man. I am poor as Job in his worst days; that's the fact."

"Still, you have a rich old uncle; is that it, Steve? But I caution you in seriousness to indulge no expectations of this sort, for you must know——"

"Hold, uncle," said Randolph; "I beg leave to tell you that I am thinking of *Lucy* just now—not of your money bags. Let me have her, and a fig for the rest!"

"That's the point, though, Stephen. Lucy's a good girl—a splendid girl—one of a thousand; and I don't mean that she shall be any body's household drudge. Your father left you property to the amount of some twenty thousand dollars, and you have been of age seven years. Now if you can show that you have five thousand dollars in the world, I will be willing that you marry whom you please."

"To tell the truth, uncle, I am rather behind the wind just at present."

"Not only are you without property," continued Mr. Trenchard, "but what is worse, you are probably considerably in debt. Is it so?"

"Yes, it is the fact; and I tell you, uncle, I never knew till lately how horribly vexatious such a state of things is. That confounded old usurer Smelter was at me with every device the arch fiend has invented for the benefit of his children—the Duns. Note came after note; then, through the mail, letter after letter. I could not even step into the street, without meeting the pert inquiry, 'Can we attend to that ac-

count to-day, Mr. Randolph ? Finally the sheriff had to meddle with the affair, and hint about agreeable lodgings in the neighborhood of the Court House. I don't know really what I should have done if Sandy Leach hadn't come to the rescue, like a clever fellow as he is, and ponied up the money."

"Alexander Leach?" exclaimed Trenchard suddenly.

"Yes, surely, Alexander Leach, who has recently moved to Delvinton, and opened a store. He was born somewhere in this region, I believe, but he lived a good while at the South."

"And so you are quite intimate with this man?" said Trenchard.

"Why, sir, he has assisted me generously when much older friends looked coldly, and I hope ingratitude is not one of my vices."

"Stephen," replied his uncle slowly and emphatically, "I have a favor to ask. As you have any regard for me, I wish you to break off at once and for ever all intercourse with that man. He is a scoundrel dyed in the wool."

"But really, sir, I cannot see the grounds for such a decided and discourteous procedure."

"Grounds? I tell you, you must shake off this fellow immediately, or you are no nephew of mine. Did you not know before that I hated him?"

"Yes, uncle, I think I do remember your speaking of him on some occasion in terms of dislike, but it was said of a man then absent, and whom I never expected to know."

"At any rate, Stephen, you must be aware of this, that my wife died less than six months after our marriage. Though twenty years have since passed, I am weak enough to have my withered eyes grow wet with the recollection. She died, I say, and *I broke her heart*. That infernal wretch, Alexander Leach, caused me to do it. Have not I the right to execrate him? I tell you Iago was an angel from heaven compared to him!"

Young Randolph was silent for some minutes; then, when he supposed his uncle's passion had in some degree subsided, answered:

"But, sir, all this happened, as you say, long ago; may he not in the interval have repented and reformed?"

"Yes, he has reformed as Satan reforms, by committing new villany. My *murder* is the only thing that will now satisfy him. He left his work but half performed last Monday; when he will resume it, Heaven knows."

"Uncle, I cannot understand you. Have not you said that a *black* man made that attempt on your life?"

"I have; but Leach was on the piazza roof consenting to the deed and directing it. I heard the tones of that voice, which is so hateful that I believe my corpse would move in the coffin if it sounded near it."

"Uncle! uncle! how can I think this?" Randolph's countenance evinced much emotion. "Can it be that this man, who has acted toward me with so much kindness, can be guilty of such a crime as you suspect him of? And what object?"

"Object enough," replied Trenchard bitterly; "object enough Leach would think he had, merely in gratifying his devilish hate by my death."

"Oh, uncle, be not too ready to presume motives. I at least have had a lesson in caution. I myself have borne the infamous suspicion of this act. May it not turn out that this man is no less innocent than I? By the way, uncle, you know, I suppose, that Mr. Wilson's man 'Jim' ran away that night, and has since been traced to the Pennsylvania line?"

"Yes, I have heard it from Skinner. The cook at the next house to yours in the village is Jim's wife, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when visiting her he might have taken your boots?"

"He might," answered Randolph; "but do you think Jim could have been the man?"

"I hardly know what to think, Stephen, but it is certain that Skinner had threatened him with a whipping if he came upon the place, on account of his supposed propensity to theft, and perhaps he took a grudge against *me* for it. Still, I cannot bring myself to think this of Jim; he was always a good-natured negro, and I had been kind to him. To be sure, his size agrees very well with that of the rascal who put me in such a fix. But this is unimportant. Whoever was the *instrument*, Alexander Leach was the instigator. I was dozing at the time, and hearing his voice muttering outside

of the window, supposed I had been dreaming, and turning over hastily, dropped asleep. I awoke just as that black scoundrel, having already prepared every thing, was rolling me over the head-board. Confound him! his soul is blacker than his hide! I trust he may himself some day feel what hanging is."

"Yet, uncle, is it not probable, after all, that you *were* dreaming when you heard Leach's voice?"

"No, sir, I was not dreaming, I tell you!" said Trenchard sharply; "and while I was choking in that rascally noose, I heard Leach speak again."

The old gentleman here made a long pause, which was not interrupted by any question from Randolph.

"You see, Stephen," he said at length, "the necessity of breaking off your intimacy with Leach. How much do you owe him?"

"He lent me a thousand dollars."

"That's all, is it?"

"Yes, sir, adding six months' interest."

"Wait a moment, then."

So saying, Trenchard left the apartment, and returned after the lapse of a few minutes with a roll of bank notes, which he handed to his nephew.

"Here are a thousand and fifty dollars, which, according to your showing, will pay off every thing. Go settle the account; and as you value my good-will, have nothing further to do with the odious scoundrel."

Stephen Randolph, after expressing his thanks, left the house and proceeded to execute his uncle's direction. Leach's store was at the upper end of the village, and he had to walk half a mile to reach it. As he passed quite leisurely in front of the open door of a respectable-looking dwelling, he heard a woman's sobs within, and as he turned his glance in the direction of the sound, perceived the owner of the house leaning with a gloomy air against the mantle.

"Why, what's the matter, Patterson?" he asked, stopping.

"Nothing, except the sheriff is down on me, and going to break up every thing for debt. You could not let me have a little of what you owe me, could you? But, pshaw! I oughtn't to bother you about it. I know you are close enough run yourself."

Randolph's hand was in his pocket, grasp-

ing the money, and itching to draw it out.

"You are a right-down clever fellow, Patterson. I have some money; I'm sort of bound to use it in another way, but hang it all if I can stand this. Here's your six hundred dollars; take it all, man. I don't know when I may have a chance to pay again. It's your due, long ago; take it."

"God bless you, Stephen! Call on me again, if you get pushed. I'll be easier by-and-by, and will have something to spare you."

Randolph walked on soliloquizing:

"There! more than half's gone; I couldn't help it. It won't do to tell the old man—he needn't know any thing about it; and as it is not worth while to pay only a part, I can use this four hundred for something else. But I must see Blapp about that big account."

Randolph was unfortunately involved in debt to a degree of which his uncle had no conception. Besides carelessness and extravagance in his affairs generally, he indulged in gaming—a vice then and now too prevalent in this section of Virginia.

He directed his steps to the office of Walter Blapp, an attorney at law, whose counsels he frequently sought upon the subject of his financial difficulties. We will outrun the leisurely course of the spendthrift, and take a peep at the lawyer as he leans back in his chair in meditation.

Blapp was a tall, stout man, whose profession was so little denoted by his full and sensual face, that a stranger who had met him out of doors would by no means have suspected it. His features naturally adjusted themselves to a mild, half-complacent, half-deferential expression, which was very slightly indicative of intellect. Indeed, he was not a man of genius, nor even of talent, but he was gifted with a deal of cunning—a commodity far more available than either.

He was alone, and held a paper in his hand which seemed to have reference to the train of thought passing through his mind, for he frequently turned his eyes towards it as he spoke half aloud, and at intervals, sentences something like the following:

"Old Leach wants to get a hard grip on him, sure enough. He has lent him money before this, I know, and now seven thousand dollars in a bunch. It's a plaguy big heap to shovel out, and not the least security for

payment. Yes, but *I endorse*. Mayn't I burn my fingers? Wonder now if it's possible that Sandy Leach expects to make it of *me*, in case his other strings should break? Well, if he does, he's mistaken, that's all. He's 'cute, but I reckon Wat Blapp's 'cuter; he's slippery, but I reckon Wat Blapp's slipp'rier. He must think for certain that old Trenchard will leave the property to Stephen. Well, I hope he may, for I know who would make some money by it. But to-day's *Tuesday*. Jack Chapman must be home again. I'll see him." This resolve scarcely enunciated, the lawyer sprang up, seized his hat, and stepped briskly out of the door.

His walk terminated at the house of old Chapman, where it will be remembered the social meeting was held, so suddenly interrupted by the arrest of Stephen Randolph. Jack Chapman, the young man who was a party in the midnight race, happened to be standing in the garden, plucking peaches from a tree, and Blapp, without going to the house, climbed the fence and entered into conversation with him. The topics which first occupied them were of the ordinary kind, and in no way concern us. Presently, however, the lawyer touched upon the matter which had induced the visit.

"Didn't you say that a black fellow caught your horse for you that night when you had your tumble, in coming down the Toilsome Mountain?"

"Yes, I did; it was Wilson's man Jim. But why do you ask?"

"Are you certain it was Jim?"

"Yes, I am positive. Tell me, though, what you are driving at."

"You know, I suppose, that Jim ran away that night?"

"No, I didn't. Has he been caught?"

"He has not, and won't be; he's safe in Pennsylvania, and the Quakers will hide him well enough. But have you mentioned to any body else that you met him that night?"

"No, I have not, unless I told his name at the party. I have been away ever since on business, and haven't said any thing about the race even."

"Well, Jack, I don't want you to tell that you met him at all. I noticed particularly that you only said at the party that it was a darkey named Jim. I suspected afterwards indeed that it was Wilson's man,

but nobody else would have been apt to."

"But, Blapp, what do you make such a secret of it for?"

"Well," returned the lawyer, cautiously, "you are a friend of Stephen Randolph, I know——"

"To be sure I am; but go on."

"He was accused of trying to kill his uncle."

"And a rascally charge it was, too—made up, I'd bet a dollar, by that still, sly, smooth-spoken Doctor, Charley Middleton."

"But," continued Blapp, "Trenchard said it was a black man that did the trick."

"I know it; and that clears Steve."

"Hear me out, though. Wilson's Jim had a wife at the next house to Randolph's. He's a big man, and might have worn Steve's boots, which were certainly tracked from the piazza roof."

"So he might," cried young Chapman; "so he might, and then ran away for fear of being caught. I'm mighty glad indeed that it's all found——"

"Don't be quite so fast," interrupted the lawyer. "When you met Jim at the Toilsome, it could not have been later than three o'clock at the utmost. The moon was not up, was it?"

"No."

"Well, then, the attempt at murder was committed between three o'clock and day-break, considerably after the moon was up, so that if you met Jim, it is impossible he can be guilty."

"But I *did* meet him," said Chapman sorrowfully.

"Yet for all that," returned the lawyer, "it does not follow that Steve had any hand in the matter."

"Of course not. I could not suspect him, if I tried. I was only downcast because Jim's running away seemed to open such a good chance to clear him before every body."

"Just so. *You* don't believe him guilty, Jack, and *I* don't believe him guilty, and nine people out of ten don't believe him guilty; but then it's bad for a man to have the least suspicion against him. So now I think it would be as well for you not to say at present who it was you met. Mind, Stephen did not put me up to this. I do it of my own head."

"You are very right, Blapp. I won't speak

a word about it. But won't you come into the house and take something?"

"No, I thank you, Jack; I haven't time just now. Good morning."

The lawyer made his exit from the garden in the same manner that he entered, and in a few minutes was again at his office. He found Stephen Randolph there awaiting his coming with much patience.

"Ah, Steve, I'm glad to see you. I've fixed that whole matter nicely."

"Well, I am rejoiced at it; but how is it managed?"

"Why, I've got a man to advance the seven thousand, and so pay off Scrubbs and Dowling at once."

"That's glorious! What security have you persuaded the chap to receive—a mortgage on my plantation in the moon, or on lands in Kentucky, eh?"

"No; I have been smarter still, and more honest; the gentleman ponies up with his eyes open. He only requires your *note*, with one endorser."

"And what soft, innocent individual have you found to perform *this* office?"

"I endorse for you."

"You?"

"Yes, I myself, Walter Blapp."

"Well, I can't but wonder at it. To be sure, I have a firm intention to pay my debts if ever I have the means; but this depends on a very precarious chance; and besides, to tell the truth, I did not suppose that you were a person disposed to interpret another's motives very favorably. But I may be quite satisfied that you'll get your *quid pro quo*; so tell me who it is that furnishes the ready."

"Mr. Leach."

"Sandy Leach? The mischief!" Randolph seemed to be engaged in a course of rapid reflection; then merely added, "Well, so be it."

The note was placed upon the table, signed by the young man, and returned to the lawyer. Blapp arose, and was engaged in filing the paper away in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk, as he said, in a tone of carefully assumed indifference:

"I saw Jack Chapman to-day."

His pause was followed by no token of awakened interest in his companion.

He continued: "Jack declared positively that he met Wilson's Jim as he came down the mountain—about three o'clock—before the moon was up."

Still the attorney's furtive glance, repeated at each clause of his sentence, detected no motion in Stephen. The bond by this time being laid away, he changed his tactics, and turned full around, adding:

"But I persuaded him not to say any thing about it, knowing of what consequence his course must be to you."

Stephen broke into a moderate laugh.

"Ha! ha! Well, Blapp, you don't come it. Depend upon it, my fine fellow, that if I *had* really been choking my uncle, you shouldn't worm a confession out of me in this way. Ha! ha! ha! What a shrewd look you put on. But don't be dejected, man. You made the examination smartly and with most commendable legal acumen. But let me give you a piece of advice: Don't take all your clients to be fools. In the name of the Old Boy, what do I care about Wilson's negro! Do you think I have Aladdin's lamp? That's a lively lad, truly, who starts at two o'clock in the night, rides twelve or fifteen miles over a rough and dangerous road, then gets his seven-leagued boots, walks a mile, climbs into his uncle's chamber, hangs the old man to a bed-post, walks home through muddy corn-fields, steps into pumps, and is cutting pigeon-wings and double-shuffles at a different end of the town before daybreak. Now, Wat, if you were any body else, instead of arguing in this way, I might be disposed to knock you down for the impudence of taking for granted that I would commit such a villanous act; but against a lawyer, I must use weapons like his own. Fy, for shame, man! not that you should play such a trick upon your friend, but that he should see through it!"

"Don't make such a fuss, Stephen," returned the worthy attorney. "I might answer that it's only 'real game' that fears the snare; but I did not tell Chapman to hold his tongue because you were guilty, but to prevent any body whatever from thinking you so—pretty Miss Montgomery, for instance, who is likely to divide Trenchard's estate with you, unless she herself becomes your better half."

"What do you know about *her* opinions?" said Randolph quickly. "Has she told any person that she doubted my innocence?"

"Not that I know of; but it is best to guard against any suspicion, for I think you ought by all means to make sure of her,

as she stands at least as well in your uncle's esteem as you do. And the doctor's 'cute enough to get her after all, if you don't look out."

"Permit me to manage this matter myself, sir," said the young man with some haughtiness.

"Oh, certainly, but you ought to be careful of the doctor. You know it was he who took so much pains to track up the business to your garden fence, and I think he looks rather coolly at you yet."

"I have taken notice of it all, Wat, and Middleton may get some of his own bones to set, if he doesn't keep out of my way. That boy, too, Frank Herbert, who is just back from college, will have to have a switching, if he puts on many airs."

"Don't mind such a milksop as he is, Stephen. He was always tender, and has got to be mighty religious, they say, besides. He belongs to the nursery yet. Look out for the doctor, I tell you."

"Relieve your anxiety, Blapp: I've an eye and a hand for each."

Randolph now threw himself back in his chair, and was for a while occupied with his thoughts. Suddenly he said:

"So Leach, unsolicited, is ready to invest

seven thousand dollars in paying my debts to Scrubbs and Dowling?"

Blapp nodded.

"I owed him before a thousand."

Another nod from the lawyer.

"Now what do you suppose is the motive for such unusual liberality?"

"The motive? It's hard to tell, unless it be friendship."

"Yes, doubtless it *is* friendship," echoed Randolph in a bitter tone.

He continued the catechism: "Sandy is a shrewd man, is he not, and has a keen eye to the main chance?"

"Nobody can deny that."

"Not very scrupulous, is he?"

"Why, I cannot say decidedly; I presume not."

"Such men are very apt, are they not, to entangle other persons whom they find suitable to their purpose, in such a way that they cannot help being their tools?"

Blapp, not choosing to use words, again had resort to an ambiguous inclination of the head.

"Do you think *I* am going to be any body's tool?" Randolph jumped up as he gave the fierce answer of his own question: "*No!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

T A B L E - T A L K .

A RAINY DAY WITH THE POETS.

A CHOICE catena of fine passages and poems might be compiled, under this caption. We will suggest a few of the most prominent that we can recall.

In the old ballad literature, there is that rare old song, of which Shakespeare has preserved a line:

"And the rain, it raineth every day."

The locality of this poem must have been somewhere in the west of Scotland, or in Wales. In the Highlands of the former country, a remarkably moist district, a country lad was asked by a stout gentleman (probably Irving's) if it *always* rained there. "Na, na," returned Sawney; "sometimes it *snaws*."

Motherwell, the delicate Scottish poet and modern ballad writer, has left a fine ballad, full of the old spirit of romance, the burthen, "Heigho, the wind and rain!" appropriately to be said or sung, on a dark, gloomy evening in November.

Of a wild winter's night, the rain beating against the window, the wind howling down the chimney, and soughing through the key-hole—then is emphatically the season for reading Lear, and to appreciate "the pelting of the pitiless storm" on "the white, dis-crowned head" of the noble old king, on the wide-stretching, houseless heath.

Shenstone used to say, that of a rainy day he loved to read over the letters of his friends—often a sad employment. He is himself a rainy-day author, calling up, in his most elaborate poem of "The Schoolmistress,"

visions of innocence and infancy; and in his prose miscellanies, evincing a nicety of judgment that marks the man of reflection; but above all, for his inimitable lines written at an inn at Henley, the delight of Dr. Johnson and of Leigh Hunt, and indeed of all wise and social spirits who have ever read them.

Hunt himself has a gossiping paper on a Rainy Day, in one of the numbers of the *Indicator*, how to pass it pleasantly—by no means one of his best essays. In the first half of it he is merely lively and somewhat commonplace, but as he gets into the literature of the subject he is more at home and proportionally entertaining. He quotes admirably capital lines from Swift's "Description of a City Shower, or Town Eclogue," that first appeared in the *Tatler*, and on which Steele wrote a generous encomium, with fine passages from Green's "Spleen," that delightful though little-known poem. He might have added lines from Gay's *Trivia*, on walking the streets in rainy weather; and he might have retold, as he could have done to the life, Charles Matthews's "leetle" anecdote of the old Scotch woman.

A fine American anthology might be collected of rainy-day verses, from Brainard to Hoyt.

Brainard's are homely but domestic rhymes. Longfellow's "Rainy Day" has a fine moral, (he is essentially didactic, in a true sense, as well as tasteful and harmonious) and is a most musical poem, imbued with the mingled tones of sadness and hopeful anticipation. This fine writer's "Rain in the City" is beautifully written, and as picturesque a description as Swift's, though wholly unlike it; as unlike as a street view by a Flemish painter is different from a piece of city elegance by Watteau. It is as artistically executed as Poe could have made it. Emerson's poem we shall quote. It enforces the scholar's duty; after the quaint fashion of the seventeenth century, it has a taking title:—

SUUM CUIQUE.

"The rain has spoiled the farmer's day;
Shall sorrow put my Books away!
Thereby are two days lost.
Nature shall mind her own affairs;
I will attend my proper cares,
In rain, or sun, or frost."

This is right stoical philosophy, all cannot practise. Ralph Hoyt's "Rain" is as perfect a picture as his "Snow;" the two most

delicate cabinet-pieces of rural art we know of. The "Shower" is a pearl pendant from the ear of Venus. Hawthorne's picture of a shower, in "Sights from a Church-steeple," is the best *prose* shower we can remember; at least, not surpassed by Irving's "Rainy Day at an Inn."

The last characteristic piece of writing on this subject we can refer to, is Read's poetical picture, entitled

A MORNING, BUT NO SUN.

"The morning comes, but brings no sun;
The sky with storm is overrun;
And here I sit in my room alone,
And feel, as I hear the tempest moan,
Like one who hath lost the last and best,
The dearest dweller from his breast!
For every pleasant sight and sound,
The sorrows of the sky have drowned;
The bell within the neighboring tower
Falls blurred and distant through the shower;
Look where I will, hear what I may,
All, all the world seems far away!
The dreary shutters creak and swing,
The windy willows sway and fling
A double portion of the rain
Over the weeping window-pane.
But I, with gusty sorrow wayed,
Sit hidden here, like one afraid,
And would not on another throw
One drop of all this weight of woe!"

A fine sympathetic melancholy doubtless inspired the lines, which find an echo in the heart of every reader of taste and feeling.

Something germane to this topic is that of the influence of the weather. Some pretend an exemption from all "skyey influences," while others suffer a complete martyrdom to clouds, storm and rain. It is, doubtless, a matter of constitution and temperament. A sensitive being will be exhilarated or depressed by causes completely trivial to the robust or unimaginative. A man may by fortitude breast his sufferings and brave the storm, but he must have little discrimination if he perceives no difference between the genial heat of a fine day in June or the cordial cold of a clear December morning; if a dusty day, a rainy day in spring or fall, a bitter cold day, are equally agreeable or indifferent to him. How can he appreciate the good who sees no distinction between it and the bad?

So feel not the true poets or men of poetical temperament. Crabbe made verses best in a snow-storm; inspiration descended upon him with the falling flakes of snow. Jean Paul could not invent with his usual facility

if the sky was leaden; it transmuted his golden thoughts to the same metal. Burns found his impulse of composition strongest in winter and amid external desolation. Milton fancied his genius was in its fullest force in spring and autumn. Numberless instances might be added.

Mr. Tuckerman has penned a very pleasing paper on this subject in his "Rambles and Reveries," and, if we are not mistaken, lately included it in the *Optimist*.

PICTURESQUE AT HOME.

IRVING, in one of his delightful Sketch Books, has distinctly declared our native and inherent wealth of picturesque scenery. Cataracts and mountains, lakes and prairies, rivers and valleys, we boast, unrivalled throughout the world. Never, he concludes, need an American leave his own country to discover beautiful or sublime scenery. Why then go abroad? The uses of foreign travel are many: to expand and clear the mind of prejudice and narrowness, to revive historical and romantic associations, for the study of character and manners, &c.

Goldsmith, who spoke from knowledge, remarks, (we do not employ his exact language, but such is the spirit of it,) that if we would know the world, we must go abroad; if study human nature, stay at home. The latter science is gained from a few subjects, thoroughly scanned; the former accomplishment to be acquired from change, novelty, and variety of circumstances, manners and customs. "He cannot be a perfect man," sings Shakspeare, "not having tried and travelled in the world." Yet Cowley concludes as wisely, "The voyage of life is longest, made at home."

In his summer trips and domestic excursions, the American realizes many of the benefits of foreign travel. At far less cost than the European tourist, and with comparatively slight fatigue, he traverses an immense extent of territory, equal to that portion of Europe generally explored by tourists, and in at least an equally short space of time, with no vexatious interruptions of passports, or dread of banditti or military surveillance.

We would not go so far, to be sure, as to agree with Professor Silliman or President Dwight—we forget which—one of whom le-

clared, in "A Trip to Quebec," that a journey to Canada was equivalent to a European tour. This observation must be taken, not with a grain, but a pretty good-sized lump of salt; and so, we venture to conjecture, the worthy writer must have intended it, wishing to console the tarry-at-home, cisatlantic public for their deprivations. But without exaggerating, one may contrive to get some idea of France and England from the Canadas.

Lower Canada, despite English intelligence and Scotch enterprise, still retains a strong tincture of New France. Professor Lyell was vividly reminded of Normandy by the peasantry, their dresses, manners, cottages, &c. The older portions of Montreal and Quebec are decidedly French—houses, names of streets, churches, convents; the *habitans* of the nineteenth are identical with those of the seventeenth century. The quaint little old village of Beaufort, a few miles out of Quebec, on the road to the Falls of Montmorency, is as national and characteristic as any place of the size in Normandy. Wayside chapels and frequent crosses attest the religious character of the people. French Romanists are still in a large majority in this province, though the Church of England, with her bishops and beadles, her cathedrals and colleges, her pomp and pew-openers, is firmly established here, as the state religion. English customs prevail in courts of justice and in Parliament, and the English soldiery give a military tone to the state of society. The noble public buildings, both of Montreal and Quebec, are almost wholly British—churches, fortifications, Parliament houses, docks, residences of officials, &c. Some old English names of places are revived, even in Montreal; but Toronto, in Upper Canada, is wholly an English town, and Kingston, though on a smaller scale. Passing across the lake, (Ontario or Champlain,) the American finds himself in a new region. From Buffalo to Toronto, from Plattsburg to Laprarie, is as wide a difference as from Dover to Calais. All is new and strange; he is in a foreign country.

But at home, in the United States, very much of Europe is freshly imported every year; and an American may get a good idea of the people of Europe, their costumes, manners, characters, customs, &c., without putting his foot out of his native country. From Great Britain come English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh; and from the continent

French, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Poles, Swedes, Danes, and now and then a Turk or a Greek; while even Asia sends us now a Chinese junk, manned by Celestials, and again an Arabian vessel, from the Imaum of Muscat.

Inasmuch too as the immigration is chiefly of the lower and lowest orders, the philosophical student may gain the best idea of the diversity of national characters, always most prominent in those classes. The gentry and scholars of all nations, cultivated and cosmopolite, are much the same. Men of genius are too strictly individual to be considered in any enumeration of classes, and the rule ever has been to look for character, at least nationality, and the fullest development of it, among the least artificial castes of society. This has ever been the strong ground of the comic writers and painters of all nations. We see it in the Flemish pictures, in the familiar Spanish school, in Hogarth and Wilkie, in the old English novels, the picaresco Spanish tales, the French vaudeville and English farce, in the Irish humorists, and in the Italian buffoons.

Of the older local traits of European colonization we have still remaining in full force; in the State of New-York for instance, the Dutch flourishing in the pristine simplicity of two centuries of settlement, in districts just back of the Hudson river, in the Mohawk valley and the older valleys of the west end of Long Island, as well as in and about Albany and Schenectady. East New-Jersey is equally Belgic.

The Germans of Pennsylvania constitute almost a State among themselves, *imperium in imperio*. One county, at least, *Berks*, is just so much German territory floated over across the Atlantic and imbedded in the Keystone State. Germans abound throughout the State, as well as in Ohio and the West generally. But Reading is actually, two thirds of it, certainly as much a German town as any place of the same size and character in Germany. The little dorp of Kutztown is unqualifiedly Teutonic and Bæotian.

Half a century ago, from Detroit to New-Orleans was French. New-Orleans was an inferior sort of cross betwixt Paris and Marseilles, a town of pleasure and a place of business combined. Detroit, St Louis, Natchez, were tributaries to the city. Now all of these places are about a third or at

the utmost one half French. At the same date Florida was a Spanish colony, St. Augustine a Spanish town. A haven of old Spain, slight though it be, still adheres to the American population of that region.

In New-York city and New-Orleans is to be found a Congress of Nations, brought hither by want and hope, by ambition, by political enthusiasm, and by the centralizing spirit of commerce, as despotic as monarchy itself.

In New-England and Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, the descendants of Puritan or Cavalier preserve the race more nearly pure than in any other quarter of the country. A rich and varied colonization, with a constant and still increasing variety and vigor of emigration, have made the American character, thus far, imperfect though it may be, what it is; and when time shall have consolidated its conflicting elements into an harmonious unity and proportion, will confirm it as the greatest national character in the world.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE REFLECTIVE.

Most raillery is mere impertinence in disguise; sarcasm, rudeness; and humor, buffoonery.

A fool thinks a man of sense, who looks grave at his stupid jests, incapable of pleasantry or of understanding ridicule; not suspecting that one may not choose to take what is offered to him in the guise of a joke, any more than he would be willing to accept counterfeit coin for legal currency.

There is a good deal of coarse familiarity in what passes for modern friendship.

Annals are, of all books, the most ephemeral.

Standard authors, to be read for pleasure, (implying intimate knowledge,) should be read without note or comment.

The Baptist sect in England have produced at least two very great men, John Bunyan and Robert Hall: the former a poet of the first class, though he wrote in homely prose, a man of true and high genius; the latter a scholar and orator of brilliant talents.

Tennyson's blank verse is Milton's effeminated; Antinous in the part of Hercules. The idea of the Princess appears to have

been originally suggested by a paper in the *Tatler*.

A fool is wise in one sense—*non-sense*.

The breast is properly called the *chest*, since it contains the richest of man's treasures—the heart—locked up in it.

The Moravian Society, like that of the Shakers, flourishes more naturally and luxuriantly in country places. In the city of New-York there never has been more than one congregation of that sect. To see them at home, one must visit Bethlehem or Nazareth, in Pennsylvania.

Bishops are said to be of divine institution, but Archbishops are confessedly of human creation, an after-thought of the ecclesiastical polity; and yet Canterbury and York would swallow up a score of the poorer sees, (as those of the colonies, for instance,) and in worldly dignities rank much higher.

How they who hold the doctrine of innate, utter depravity, can by any means account for the pleasure every unsophisticated heart receives from the company of pure, innocent children, we are very much puzzled to account. The love of a fond mother must appear to them more senseless than the dotage of feeble age. These little creatures are angels in truth, as well as in fancy, for the Divine Master has declared of them, that "of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." They have genuine faith and truth, and are much nearer heaven than the best of us.

The presence of a sweet young child is a more cogent argument against the dogma of universal and utter innate depravity, than all the controversial discussion in the world.

No poor-laws can altogether eradicate poverty; no charitable provision suppress the causes of pauperism.

All of the great old English writers give excellent counsel on all subjects, *travel*, among the rest; but Bacon and Fuller, amidst much good advice, press a particular point, not always adverted to. Bacon: "As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the *secretaries and employed men of ambassadors*; for so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many." Fuller enjoins: "Contrive correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return; as some *professor or secretary*, who virtually is the whole university or state."

SAILORS' AND KITCHEN LIBRARIES.

READING is not only for certain ages, but also for particular classes. Besides purely professional studies, there are kindred topics that interest every man in his particular sphere. *Sailors*, as well as other men, should have their libraries, and which might be made truly attractive. Voyages of Drake, Dampier, Cavendish, Marco Polo, Cook, Ross, Parry; Basil Hall, Dana's Two Years before the Mast, Life in a Liner. Navigation, Practical Mathematics, and Geography, form the sailor's elementary education. He should also read his national history, especially his country's marine and naval history in general, the lives of discoverers and great seamen, Southey's Nelson, Paul Jones, British Admirals, Cooper's and Irving's American naval biography. The sailor has, too, his library of history and poetry: Voyages Imaginaires, Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarll, Peter Wilkins, Cooper, Smollett, Marryat; the glorious songs of Dibdin, Gay's Black-eyed Susan, Drake's American Flag, and the magnificent lyrics of Campbell.

Neither do we see why the Kitchen should be neglected. It should have its library also. A kind master would have his servants happy, and seek to lighten their state of servitude. They should read, as well as see their friends and have holidays; and read good books too, fitted for their condition. Not to speak of the renowned works of Mrs. Glasse and Dr. Kitchener; to omit any reference to opinions on the author of the "*Physiologie du Goût*," as better fitted for the mistress or housekeeper, (simple receipt-books are sufficient in the kitchen;) and to pass by without further mention the witty, fleering ironies of Swift, in his *Directions to Servants*; accounts of Parisian restaurants, by Appleton, Jewett, or Saunderson; we come to what we would select for a shelf in the kitchen.

The prayer-book, or the mass-book, according to the servant's faith, or perhaps simply a hymn-book; religious and moral tales, by More, Sherwood, Cottin and others; lives of saints or missionaries, or both; Defoe's Family Instructor; The Whole Duty of Man, and Pilgrim's Progress; devotional treatises, Baxter and Doddridge, &c.; an Historical Compend; atlas; volumes of travels and voyages; a file of the Penny Magazine; and the daily paper should find

its way down stairs after it has been scanned in the parlor.

C H E S S .

FORBES tells us, in his *Life of Beattie*, the poet and Scotch Professor, that "To chess he had a real aversion, as occasioning, in his opinion, a great waste of time, and requiring a useless application of thought."

Another poet, romancer, and still more

famous Scotchman, held similar language. Scott, as a boy, we are told by Lockhart, "engaged easily in the game, which had found favor with so many of his paladins, but did not pursue the *science* of chess after his boyhood. He used to say it was a shame to throw away upon mastering a mere game, however ingenious, the time which would suffice for the acquisition of a new language. 'Surely,' he said, 'chess-playing is a sad waste of brains.'"

THE "HYPERION" OF JOHN KEATS.

THE genius of John Keats, like his own Saturn, majestic and solitary, ruled with a broken sceptre a kingdom of desire. Its breathings are all sighs. Instead of love, it has yearnings. Its voice is the melodious cry of unrequited, insatiate longing.

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn
And eve's one star,"

he buries himself in the cavern of memory. His glory is the glory of the past; he broods over the ruined empire of passion; the Titans are subdued for him; mountains rest upon their breasts, and still he scornfully yet sadly refuses the modern allegiance. Reason is his Jove, whose power he confesses, but to whom his proud spirit refuses to bow. Death closed in upon him while he yet wavered. He was never taken into the circle of the gods; his statue stands without the vestibule.

In his poem of *Hyperion*, there is indeed a majesty of movement rivalling the Miltonic. The silence is sublime, and the sound of the verse rolls off constantly into a silence.

— "No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity spreading a shade;
The Naiad mid her reeds pressed her cold finger
Closer to her lip."

It is the recession of a storm; the departure of a multitude; the coming on of night and death.

No less solemn and imaginative is the imagery of what is seen: life, palpitating but not moving; the outward stillness convincing of the inward grief; and the little motion that has been, only a return and not a relief to the immovable.

"Along the margin sand large foot-marks went
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unseptr'd, and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the
Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

From first to last, a more absolute picturing of stillness, grief, and silence, of fallen divinity, and the coming on of eternal despair, is not in written language. It has a quality, this description of Saturn, which belongs to no other poetry,—a ponderous weight, a magnitude of passion. There is no sentiment here; Saturn is too great for it; he is all dignity. It has also in absolute perfection a certain quality indispensable to grandeur—venerableness. The figure of the ancient king, friendless, comfortless, driven from his empire, his sceptre broken, yet awakens no pity: it is the weakness of a god: we venerate, perhaps we sympathize, but we cannot pity.

Great emotions are short-lived. The first line after this magnificent passage is pure prose, a flat falling into commonplace:

"It seemed no force could wake him from his place;" which, after the swelling of the lungs and

thrill of the preceding verses, is a mere asthmatic puff. What follows is but little better:

"But there came one who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not."

By the epithet "kindred," we perceive that the genius does not wholly desert the poet; but the action is roughly and coldly inverted. First we picture to ourselves the "kindred hand" touching the "wide shoulders," and after that the figure "bending low with reverence;" whereas, in fact, the one who came first bent low with reverence and *then* touched the wide shoulders. It is an absolute demand of poetry that description shall go along with action; inversion of the action takes all dignity from the imagery. The figure touching the shoulder first, and bowing afterwards, is like that of a messenger jogging your elbow, and bowing when you turn to see who touched you. And finally, the intimation that Saturn *did not know* who it was that touched him is commonplace, verging to vulgar.

This peculiar defect of interruptedness, a proof either of intellectual or constitutional feebleness, distresses the reader less in this poem of Hyperion, and in "St. Agnes' Eve," than in any other of Keats's works. The genius of the poet flares up, dies out, and flares again, as if there were a dearth of fuel to feed it; and by this fault, more than any other, he is removed out of the class of great poets, and occupies but the second rank. The voice of a hundred excellent critics, both ancient and modern, sustains the opinion that the place of honor in art must be given to the creative or sustaining power—that which carries one feeling, one passion, one sentiment, through as many revolving periods of verse and shifting scenes as may serve for the exhaustion of the idea or subject. It may have been through physical weakness, mental defect, or the very excess of an inferior faculty, *fancy*; by violent action, drawing away the vital pith from imagination; or perhaps an ambition, of which Keats was certainly the victim, of transcending the powers granted by his years, as the tree, striving too early to produce a perfect fruit, exhausts itself and dies;—through one or all of these causes, this poet produced nothing entire. The "Eve of St. Agnes" will be quoted against the opinion; but this

poem is an interlude, and has neither beginning nor end; it seems to have been thrown off as a pattern for a whole cloth which was never woven.

Continuing our reading of Hyperion, we are presented with a portrait of the goddess Thea:

"She was a goddess of the infant world:
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have
ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck,
Or with a finger staid Ixion's wheel."

Follows upon this:

"Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx."

And now we see only her *face*: the *body* has disappeared; the image is broken; the head here, the body further off. This face, so large, has no expression; it is like a great round moon, or like that of a colossal statue lying in the sand. The poet endeavors to restore life to it with a gasp, but fails:

"But oh, how unlike marble was that face."

The expression that follows is again exquisite; and we return to the passion, the genius of the poem:

"How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up."

The majesty of these lines brings back a conviction that in the mind of the poet there *was* a unity of design and feeling, which he had not the power to express in its totality. The fragments of the architecture, capitals of columns, the frieze, entablature even, finished with a master hand, lie all along in gigantic disorder. It is as though the builder of the temple had not yet invoked the deity. The invocation wanting, the foundation not laid, the genius would not descend.

Nothing could have been imagined more suitable for epic genius than the argument of this poem. Modern philosophy, penetrating the mythological veil, has discovered in the gods of antiquity an impersonation of the powers and passions of the human soul. Whether primeval philosophy, seizing upon the traditions of the vulgar, forced the deities into its service, and made Hermes stand for Wit, Horus for Imagination, Juno

for Pride, Ammon and Osiris for the diviner principles in man; or whether the greater gods, the powers of nature and the soul, were clothed by the sages with the forms and attributes of humanity,—as in Thoth, understanding, in Osiris beneficence, in Phtha will and justice, in Ammon innate dignity,—let the learned dispute. Certain it is, no true epic of mythology and cosmogony could be constructed without a philosophical knowledge of the gods.

Under the character of the Titans, in this poem of Keats, the primeval empire of passion is represented. Cronos, the dethroned Saturn, is that power of necessity and circumstance, the sole deity of the unenlightened mind; venerable indeed, beloved of the senses and of the passions, but succumbing always to that divine reason in man to which the accidents of life or death are indifferent.

How majestic the subject of this poem! Hyperion, the God of Light, the pride and beauty of the natural world, leads the war against the new dynasty of Reason, and of Jove. Assembled in their caverns, at the roots of the volcanoes, the Giants of Nature hold a gloomy council.

The spirit of Milton presided over the conception of this council. But who can say whether a mythological epic must not of necessity resemble all others of its name? The elements of all are simple and the same. If the poem is mythologic, to have a human interest the right must conquer pride, as among men. The honor of the superior powers must be vindicated; the right of reason over the wild and furious democrats of nature must be established by aristocracy of Character.* Herein would lie all the dignity of the poem, that Jove and his compeers conquer by right of Character, and vindicate that right in themselves. And if mythology is merely an impersonation of the inferior and superior powers, the mythologic epic is but one subject, and must be over treated from the same point of view.

In Milton's poem, the angels of God conquer by divine authority; and the weakness of the poem is the introduction of the Deity in person. Had the divine Source itself been left in darkness, and Heaven set against Hell, equal in attributes, but conquering or

conquered by impacted Divinity, the epic would be pure. As it now moves, the angels, with their beauty and their strength, are unreal phantoms, and the Deity in person is the Conqueror; while Satan and his peers have the attributes and consequently the dramatic value of *persons*. In Milton's angels there is no Will. All the freedom is with Hell. These angels seem passive; almost soulless. Abdiel alone has real characteristics. By this arrangement, the poem loses one half the interest of true epic. If we believe that the genius of Keats would at length have proved equal to what he undertook, his poem would then have been more perfect in its frame-work than the *Paradise Lost*; and certainly it was far more philosophical in its design. His gods, who were to conquer, would have shown in action the perfections of the higher reason. By wisdom, by strength of will, and by reliance on the Eternal, after many reverses, they would have subdued, and again buried the rebellious powers. Both literature and philosophy suffered an irretrievable loss in a mind capable of conceiving and executing so majestic a design.

But it is idle to waste conjecture; let us endeavor to appreciate the merits of the fragment. At the conclusion of the second book is a description of Hyperion entering the council of the Titans:—

"Suddenly a splendor like the morn
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulph and every chasm old,
And every height and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams;
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion. A granite peak
His bright feet touched, and there he staid to view
The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair, of short Numidian curl;
Regal his shape majestic; a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He uttered, while his hands contemplative
He pressed together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day."

It strikes some readers, whether justly we know not, on the reading of this fragment, that there is in it no promise of ACTION.

* Character—"mark;" as we say, "a man of mark."

There is a deficiency of the thews and sinews. There is nothing war-like in Hyperion; his hands are *pressed together* in contemplative silence; and such hands, on such an occasion, pressed together, would not have grasped the sword of empire. How energetic, on the other hand, and impregnated with restless vigor, is the first appearance of the fallen Archangel in the poem of Milton:—

———"He with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded though immortal.

* * * * *
Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.

* * * * *
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood."

Milton is easier to read than Keats. The description is rapid and concise. There is no *description without motion*; a quality necessary to the epic, since by dwelling too long upon a part, the interest is lost, and imagination flags. The description must move forward, or it falls; it must soar and soar, and continually soar, passing mountains and rivers at a wave of its mighty wings. Indeed, it may be ventured, that Keats would have failed in the Hyperion for want of action. His figures are contemplative. The Muse pauses, as she creates them, and steps backward to meditate their fair proportions. The poems of Milton, on the contrary, even his earliest, have a vivacity, a lively spring and movement, which give promise of the epic.

"Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait."

He will not suffer even Melancholy herself to sit contemplative; she must pace forward. Hardly a line is deficient in the activity either of thought or of motion; the mark of a genius essentially and powerfully epical. In Keats, on the other hand, there is every where flaccidity and weakness; his heat is not the heat of motion but of emotion; he has the melancholy of Hamlet, dreaming of a purpose, but never moving toward it.

The appearance of the Miltonic feeling in "Hyperion" has been alluded to by some critics as a fault. But is not the earliest evidence of artistic ability in imitation? Great artists have indeed distinguished themselves by an original nature of their own, but have they not equally proved their merits by the skill and taste with which they have reproduced the originality of others? Unaided by the faculty of imitation, and even of appropriation, originality declines into lameness and obscurity. We know that the education of a great artist is begun by a close acquaintance with the works of his predecessors, as well as of Nature. The most intimate friendship with Nature avails nothing without the power of imitation; and though this representative faculty be given to the artist in never so great perfection, yet, as it is of all the most artificial, and the most intelligent in its mode of action, so it requires the greatest accumulation, and experience, and aids to shorten and improve its processes.

The advancement, that is to say, the dignity of a school of artists appears chiefly in their choice of subjects; for we know that nature is not *all* representable, but only certain *scenes, times, phases*: phases of beauty, sublimity; times or seasons of richest development; scenes illustrating what is moral or immortal in humanity. Representative art will not allow its powers to be wasted with impunity upon the tame, the sensual, or the vulgar of common life. The selection of its subjects is therefore a *moral* occupation, and of a high order, suitable to the leisure of cultivated and heroic ages, and unsuitable, because of baseness and incapacity, to those that are barbarous and mechanical. The lessons of the artist, in overcoming his greatest difficulty, the choice of subject, come to him at first through his predecessors. He imitates nature, it is true, but he looks at nature through the eyes of those who have preceded and aroused him. Every artistic age refines upon former ages, holding to a certain taste, and improving the "school." The degeneracy of art appears in a mean or novel choice of subject; in eccentricity of manner; in a close and studied imitation of insignificances. The two-fold imitation of previous art and of nature goes on ripening to a certain point, the height or perfection of the school; and then follows a gradual decline, when imitation predominates over

design, when genius fades into sentimentalism, and the artist becomes either an eccentric or a tame and laborious imitator.

Poesy as well as painting has grown by accretion as well as by invention. As it required a Giotto and a Cimabue to prepare the ground for a Da Vinci, so it required an Ennius to do the same for a Virgil. Imitation reaches out from school to school, over entire epochs and centuries. Homer precedes Ennius and Virgil; and Virgil's *Æneid* gives form and beauty to the poems of Dante. The influence of Phidias is seen again in Angelo and Raphael, and something of the Hebrew grandeur and simplicity reappears in the liturgy of the Church of England. In a word, the greatest imitators are the greatest artists; for by the same power that is given them to receive and reproduce the sublime and beautiful from nature, they seize and reproduce the sublimity and beauty of their predecessors; (so that the greatest works of art, in painting, poetry, and sculpture, are those which carry in their lines the entire history of art itself.) The Christ of Raphael and the Moses of Michael Angelo, the Satan of Milton and the Hamlet of Shakspeare, are the best traditions of the progress of genius from the beginning.

The greatest imitator absorbs and surpasses all that have gone before him, as did Shakspeare, even to the reproduction of the morality and sentiment of races who flourished centuries before him, under other religions and other systems of society. Shakspeare's appropriation of his predecessors amounts even to the swallowing and digestion of entire works.

Great artists are eclectic, and build upon many masters. Like Goethe, in whom the eclectic, imitative genius predominated to that degree, his works are a prodigious mass of imitations of every master in letters. Virgil, Sophocles, Shakspeare, Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, by turns occupy him. From the secondary writers of Germany he took away their proper excellences, by surpassing each in his field. Nor was it a blind instinct that prompted him; his imitations, like those of Virgil and Milton, are deliberate and conscious and profound.

The *pride* of originality can have no place in the spirit of a first-rate artist: he appropriates and assimilates and reproduces in new shapes every beauty which he finds, and

every melody which he hears; indifferent whether it come first through himself or through another. Wherever the greatest beauty is to be found, he makes his study. As in the circle of twenty-four hours there are but two times, the evening and the morning, which give the highest beauty to scenery; as in the circle of the year, the season of vegetation alone, and in human life, the point of transition from youth to adult age; as these alone give the highest instances of beauty, and they too at long and rare intervals,—one among a thousand meeting the ideal of the artistic mind,—it becomes impossible to go through the entire circle of nature's beauties, and complete it, in the life of one artist. Each presents his discovery, his segment. The discovery of a single perfect beauty immortalizes the original imitator. Out of the succession of many artists and many schools, the great designer finds and appropriates almost the entire sphere of moral, intellectual and physical perfection. The more he appropriates from others, the more alive is he to the beautiful in Nature herself. His studies alternate between her works and those of men. As the original observer turns variously toward fields agreeable to his feelings, he will naturally addict himself to congenial models. The pastoral, the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric will draw by turns, or constantly, the attention of the young and unformed poet. And when conscious judgment has discovered and marked the proper and congenial field, the favorite models are still read and re-read. The sculptor, blind and superannuated, so-laced his genius by passing his hands over the antique marble; the poet, blind and broken in spirit, had read to him the Hebrew lyrics and the dramatists of Greece.

The fashion of this age is greatly for originality, that is to say, for the production of styles,—new styles in writing, new styles in thinking, novelty in all things. So much of novelty has appeared within the last century, men have ceased to be astonished at things new, and even to be disgusted with novelty itself. It is perhaps safe to affirm that originality cannot be attained by seeking for it, but only eccentricity—oddity and eccentricity, which the great artist avoids as he values his immortality. In art we are apt to mistake novelty for ingenuity, and what is only old, for what is ancient and

enduring. The ocean and the stars of to-day are the same with those of yesterday; the generations of living creatures renew themselves. Man only is progressive and original, by virtue of his creative reason. His plasticity adapts itself to new conditions of the universe; his life is the life of a race, as well as of an individual; his growth not merely from infancy to middle age, and old age, but from barbarism to the highest degrees of social harmony, and then downward again toward luxury and decay. Literature, like the creature of which it is the record of progress, is original only by representing the age to which it belongs, and not by discovering in its texture the diseases and the vanities of an author's mind.

When we speak then in future of originality, we intend only representative, artistic originality; true to the time, the persons, and the place which it represents; giving the very spirit and impress of the age and the race, even to the minutest traces of manners and of speech. To be original, therefore, it is necessary to live the life, not of a recluse, given up to meditation, nor of a scholar buried in books, but to unite with a certain degree of scholarship and speculative thought a large experience of men, and a knowledge of things and their uses. In this age, to be original, it is necessary to be scientific; to be otherwise is to fall behind the time. It is necessary also to be political, to understand both democracy and monarchy.

The strongest characteristic of the poet whose works are before us seems to have been his power of imitation. His admirers will not be offended by the assertion, after what has been said in regard to the importance of the talent of imitation, the left hand of genius, of which originality is the right. Keats is perhaps the most delicate and successful imitator of modern times. His appropriative talent has impressed his critics; but they describe him also as a sensuous painter because of his rich and soft coloring. But is not this quality one of those which distinguish the artist from the scene-painter? Keats writes for the eye and for the ear: he satisfies the senses indeed; his metres are full, *solid*, and harmonious; but he was not a sensualist.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the all-cheering sun."

There is no better music, unless it be Shakespeare's

"teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime."

The sensuousity of Keats is the sensuousity of Shakespeare and of Milton, and of all great and pure-minded poets who are not rhyming metaphysicians, but colorists, and masters of light and shadow, the great painters of nature. What they describe the eye sees, the ear hears, the senses feel, the imagination embodies.

And yet we cannot rank this admirable child of fancy among poets of the first order. The subordinate excellences of a first-rate artist, those proper to the early days of highest expectation, he seems to have; his deficiencies are profound. The most approved writers are those who have given the power of a transcendent representative genius to the embodiment of moral themes. The glory and the punishment of pride; Satan and his fall; the pride of Coriolanus; the rise and ruin of a rebellion in Macbeth; fastidious jealousy in Othello; the fond and foolish tyranny of Lear; these are what we intend by "moral themes." In Keats, a young writer, fancy and imagination took the lead, and Character, the great object of art, fails of its due representation. Had he lived longer, his full-fed and powerful fancy might perhaps have become the servant and instrument of a more elevated purpose. The victim of a too sensitive and fanciful passion, of which at last he died, he was equally the slave of an exacting muse—a muse not "married to," but only mistress of "immortal verse."

In Shakespeare's day, when as yet classical criticism was unknown, or at least unused, as we use it, an exuberant and humorous fancy might indulge to excess, as in the "Venus and Adonis." The rough and tender, the bitter and the sweet, might be poured out together, and let go. The stylus was seldom reversed. There was not then that "lascivious grace in which all ill well shows;" there were no Byrons nor Moores; the Muse had not yet gone to school to false propriety; but there was a freedom, a rude liberty, and an eager appreciation of all excellence.

By the fanciful exuberance of Shakespeare's earlier style, Keats was attracted and over-

come. "One of the three books I have with me is Shakspeare's poems," he writes. "I never found so many beauties in the sonnets; they seem to be full of fine things, said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits. Is this to be borne? Hark ye:

'When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the head,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly head.'

He has left nothing to say about nothing or any thing.

'And as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back into his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up in shade doth sit,
Long after, fearing to put forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.'

It is easy to discover that which attracted Keats in the early style of Shakspeare. Of beauty it has not a trace; the picturing is even uncouth and repulsive. It is the enormous force, the rude strength and power of the imagery, the depth of light and shadow, that charm the critical as well as the ingenious reader. Keats's observations on the above lines, written in his twenty-second year, in a letter to a friend, are followed by some lines of his own composition, which imitate the manner he so much admires, and show plainly enough under what master he studied.

The early poems of Shakspeare are often alluded to and quoted by the critics; but it has not yet been distinctly noticed that they have exerted a more powerful influence than any others upon the lyrical poets of the last century. Coleridge, Keats, Charles Lamb, Tennyson, Hood, and many others, are deeply in their debt. The sonnets of Shakspeare, imperfect as they are, have given the ideal of the English meditative sonnet, as distinguished from the Italian. The sonnet of Shakspeare is our own; the model of a peculiar style, congenial to a proud and melancholy race. More than all other verse it expresses that profound love passion, which has no gallantry in its nature, but is as serious as life itself.

That it is as essential to the beauty of a work of art, more especially a poetical one, to move the passion of *love*, as it is to its sublimity to excite that of *terror*, might be shown by a vast array of instances. Let any

passage of peculiar beauty be read over with an appreciative care, from any poet celebrated for the *beauty* of his sentiments. The expression of *love* will be found the great cause of the pleasure it confers. It may be the love of country, of home, of kindred, or of friends; or it may be the passion which can exist only between the sexes: whatever be the form, the soul is love. There are those who insist that forms and sounds have a beauty of their own, independent of expression. These argue that the features of the Grecian sculpture owe their excellence to a sensuous beauty devoid of passion. We, on the other hand, affirm with Lord Byron, that passion is the soul of poetry, and add that there is nothing *beautiful* in art or nature, except as it is a language or a natural symbol of love.

Of human beauty, the peculiar attribute is to move love in the beholder; and if, in nature, there is any other species of beauty, it charms by resembling or at least by calling to mind those human traits of sweetness, grace, and harmony, which are proper to the gentle passion, and given to it by the Creator as its language and expression. How then is it, argue the sensuous critics, that a face in marble, to be beautiful, must be calm? A face, we answer, may indeed be calm, and at the same time malignant and hideous. Calmness is not then the essence of beauty. Madonnas and Christs are always calm, but they are full of passionate love. Nature has certain forms which represent, or they would not move, the tender passions. The artist discovers and depicts these forms.

But there is more in this speculation than we shall succeed in expressing. The passions lie under the governance of certain moral powers: honor, pride, the love of praise, modesty, and others; powers either pure or mixed in their character. These wield the sceptre of the heart. The honorable man, it is said, regulates his passions, and keeps them in check, letting them out freely upon the right occasion, and observing all the rights and equalities of the heart. But honor is not the only power which regulates the conduct of the passions. Modesty and pride have also their full exercise.

If the artist has attained a knowledge of those forms of face or language which express the passions,—as love controlled and dignified by modesty, in the gentler sex,—

he has reached the summit of his art, and is a master of the Beautiful. As it is the peculiar function of the moral powers (of which high art, whether in poetry or in design, is the representer and delineator) to subdue and calm the passions, without lessening them, or diverting them from their objects, the calmness of a marble, or the classic repose of a poem, is to be attributed to the presence of those powers, and not to a want of passion, nor to that feeble intellectualism which is unacquainted with any thing but manner and sentiment. As there is no grandeur nor dignity but that which reposes on subdued but obedient and ready passions, so there is no artistic beauty which does not owe its power to a concealed or latent power of love. It is necessary, in speaking of artistic pleasure, to exclude that kind which addresses only the sensual temperament, and which is gross and general, as good in one as another, and distinct from the individual. The beauty of which we now speak is the beauty of a Reason, an Individual, admirable in particular, and distinguished from all others. In these, as in perfect living men, the sensuous, the passionate, and the moral are so blent as to be undistinguishable.

When we speak of the sublimity and beauty of a heroic character, we intend its superiority in possessing and subduing of terror and love; inspiring at once awe and affection. The filial passion of a child is perhaps the most perfect instance in nature of love at once excited and subdued. The child at once loves and fears the parent, and these passions are controlled by the moral sentiment, and refined into veneration and sublime confidence. The just and kind parent is a sublime and at the same time an honored and beloved object to the child. Toward the idea of the Supreme Being, personified as a Parent, love ascends mingled with an awful fear. In the secret recesses of the soul, the subdued spirits of all the passions mingle in prayer.

If we have come near to the expression (in this feeble and almost hopeless effort) of what is meant by the Sublime and the Beautiful in art, as the representer and expresser of the moods of the soul, it seems proper to speak briefly of the Fanciful, the Humorous, and the Satiric, in order not to seem forgetful of their existence, or their value.

That what passes under the name of "fanciful," in art, either in grotesques, or in

the fictions of fairy land, should have any value in a moral point of view, may to some hasty critics seem even ridiculous to say; and yet it is impossible to seize and enjoy the spirit of fairy, or of grotesque, without first being capable of what is serious. It is the sport of the superior nature, letting loose the passions, and observing their play. An Undine, a Gnome,—what are these but intellect and passion, freed from the conscious governing spirit? But is it possible for any but the conscious spirit itself to image such creatures, or enjoy the imagery? Cupid, the love fairy of the ancients, is the unreasoning, uncontrolled passion of love; but what a force of genius is required to delineate the freaks and gambols of this immortal elf! Boccaccio and Ovid stand unabashed in the presence of Shakspeare and of Milton. Byron and Burns, who have most faithfully delineated the passions which early tormented and sported with them, won for themselves a popularity which grave and philosophic versifiers sigh for in vain.

That character, in other words, that the moral power, is directly the cause of Humor, and gives its entire value to the humorous, will be readily admitted, as it has been constantly asserted. It is frequently observed that native humor indicates a good heart. The true humorist sports with the vanity or conceit of another, without wounding his feelings or exciting his anger. While it makes the folly apparent, it spares the man. It has no malignity. Humor, though not as rare an endowment as poetic genius, attracts almost equal admiration and respect. It shows in those who possess it several great qualities,—moral insight and sympathy, pride of character, and self-possession.

In Satire and the satiric, the moral is unquestionably the ruling power. It is only by tearing off the veil of hypocrisy, fashion, and false greatness, and showing wickedness in form of weakness, that satire attains its end.

It was the purpose of our remarks to show, not that passion is the object of art, but passion under control; or rather, the presence of their controlling powers, under the several names of Pride, Honor, Modesty, &c., seen in the immediate kingdom of the heart. The passions will be expressed, and with their full intensity; but this expression will be valued as it shows their mastering principles.

It seems strange, and almost ridiculous, to a critic of the present day, to ask at all, whether the moral enters into a work of art, in any shape; so grossly have fiction and design degenerated from their ancient dignity. Time was, and that too but a century ago, when a poem containing nothing but a dream, related in a musical jingle of words, would have been passed over with neglect, as unworthy a second perusal. Although the fashion of condemning Pope and slighting Addison has been lately a prevailing one, it has insured the immortality of those authors, as it has of the Greek and Roman classics, that they wrote for moral ends, and regarded their art as the handmaid of morals.

But though high art demands a moral theme and purpose, to attain its immortality, the mere poetic passion makes no such demand, and even *resents* a purpose. The instruction of art is given to the heart, not to the head; but as the heart is of greater dignity than the head, the artist is superior in *dignity* to the artisan. Art is not understood, it is only felt; and consequently, to those who have no feeling, the artist is an empty impostor. One cannot reply to the question so often asked, "What is poetry?" The feeling alone can make a suitable reply. The idea must be in us, or the image, when presented, will not remind us of any thing real. The critic must therefore suppose that readers already know "what poetry is," at least as well, or better, than he does himself. He must suppose that a beautiful poem will produce effects of beauty in their imaginations, attended with a certain glow and enthusiasm which are proper to it, and belong to it alone. He takes it for granted that sublimity appears sublime; that pathos moves their feelings; that sentiment touches what is sentimental; that grace meets a graceful appreciation; that the laughable moves laughter, and the keen and witty are their own recommendations. Readers are before critics.

In answering the question, "What is poetry?" we attempt rather to please than to instruct; for it is the purpose of poetry to charm, and not to instruct. It is impossible to show why we are pleased. I am *pleased* with the form of a circle, or with a concord of fifths in music: I am *instructed* by being told that the diameters are equal, or that the vibrations divide each other without fractions. It may indeed satisfy my under-

standing to know this, but that is another kind of "pleasure." The understanding is "pleased" when it is instructed; the imagination when images of the beautiful and sublime are created in it. All that can be said, therefore, in answer to the question, "What is poetry?" is perhaps to separate the various causes of pleasure, the rhythm, the harmony, the imagery, the contrasts, the sublimity, the beauty. By dwelling separately upon each of these, we attain at length to a more full and satisfactory appreciation of the whole. When a beautiful statue is first presented to the eye, it produces a faint sensation of delight; but when, after many views, every minute elegance of feature and form has made its due impression, the separate beauties enter together into the mind, until they produce one feeling. And so in the critical appreciation of a poem, we are at first delighted with the melody of the verse, and then with the picturesqueness and passion of the language; last of all, with the *moral passion*, to coin a new phrase, of the entire work. When these have been separately appreciated, the pleasure which we afterwards receive from the whole is of a kind incomparably superior in worth and duration to a first, hasty delight.

Nature seems to have made some persons without poetic sympathy, or in whom it is exercised at such remote intervals, or so faintly, as to add nothing to their pleasures. Others, on the contrary, find poetry in every thing; they cannot listen to a fall of water, or the rustling of leaves, or the distant hum of cities, or any sound that has softness, monotony or sweetness, without a rise of the poetic sensation. When we speak of the poetic sensation, we do not mean that poetry is itself a sensation, nor the faculty of it merely a feeling; but as every idea and passion has its own sensation, so has poetry. It creates a pleasure in the sense which is distinguishable from every other pleasure. We distinguish the pleasure of music from the pleasure of poetry, although they are similar and closely allied; but we find readers, and even composers of verse, in whom the delight in music is faint. An excellent poet may be hardly able to distinguish a tune.

That characteristic of poetry which has been set foremost by the critics, as the most admirable, and conveying the highest degree of pleasure, we commonly call grandeur,

sublimity. It seems to be a rousing up of the soul, attended with intense emotions akin to fear. It carries a mixture of fear and of pride. It gives a momentary dignity to the interior nature, and brings it into fellowship with the vast and mysterious. It seems to be of nearer kin to, and in closer alliance with, the immortal and rational emotions of the soul, than any other movement of intelligence. Much as there is of terror in the sublime, the delight of it is akin to that of heroism. In passages of the most ancient poetry, quoted for their sublimity, there is an expression of the divinity and dignity of the interior nature, an elevation of the soul toward the creative Source, conferring a sublime pleasure. The most terrible subjects and images are chosen and touched with freedom by the poets of the Sublime. Nature is set at defiance; destiny alone is awful. The creative Power is appealed to in a vein of companionship. The spirit of man acknowledges nothing that can daunt or suppress it. It descends into hell, unappalled among eternal fires; it ascends into heaven, gazing with clear eyes upon the glory of God. It pervades the abysses of the universe, and carries passion and pride into the movements of the spheres. It personifies the sun and the stars. The sun speaks, and there is a music for his motion. The powers of earth and nature converse with it as with their master. It images to itself the first beginnings even in the mind of Deity, and looks forward and onward toward the end, fancying to itself the intonations of the Creator on the seat of judgment. Into all things this soaring ardor carries tremulous emotions of fear; not the crouching terror of the flesh, but a fear acknowledged only while it is conquered. The poet need not therefore explain his choice of such images. It is the glory of his art, that over extreme and depressing fear he is able to induce a something which quells it; and the pleasure of this is like the pleasure of controlling a powerful and dangerous steed. The superior nature grasps the reins of its own terror, and moves resolute and charmed through the terrors of death and hell.

So much then for the pleasure of the Sublime; it is the pleasure of superior natures, and akin to pride. As a proof, let us observe that poets of the Sublime have been remarkable for pride. Mere pomp and vastness of expression is distinguished from sub-

limity, by observing that in one the element of *terror* is present, while in the other we find only monotony and expansion. Poetry which describes what is merely large and extended, may have nothing of the sublime, because it moves no terror. Fine-sounding verses, without passion, are not sublime, though they convey pictures of the universe. Lord Byron was wont to insist that poetry was passion: he meant, perhaps, that there was no poetry without passion; and we are sure of being right when we say that there is no poetic sublimity without the passion of terror, as there is no poetic beauty without that of love.

But how does it happen that two persons equally susceptible to poetry will be differently affected by the same verse; one having the passion of sublimity, the other no passion at all? Before attempting to answer, we may observe, first, that we never hear of a discovery of sublimity without beauty by one person, and of beauty without sublimity, in the same verse, by another. If the imagery is sublime, its effect, if felt, will be sublime; if it is beautiful only, and carries no sensation of terror, it will never awaken a sublime emotion. But as the faculty of sublime is not always active in the reader, it will not always produce its effect; and if his heart be unsusceptible and dry, he will perceive nothing of beauty, even though beauty be expressed. Among all the controversies of critics, we have never yet seen one which made a question whether sublimity alone, or beauty alone, should be attributed to the same poem or verse. The two qualities may exist together, and the same verse be sublime and beautiful at once, having in it the power both of love and of fear; but the passions and their languages are distinct, and ought not to be confounded together.

Those phenomena in nature which discover immense and uncontrolled powers awaken the simple passion terror in minds not gifted with sublimity; but to the *sublime* imagination, whatever has an incalculable weight and stability,—the interminable, that which moves with an irresistible force,—whatever, in short, either hints or fully displays the existence of powers compared with which the physical force of man himself is trifling and ineffectual, raises images of sublimity. There is sublimity in the echo of a cannon, reverberating among mountains; in the motion of a steam car, or of a great ship mov-

ing before a strong wind; there is sublimity in the movements of vast bodies of men, when they seem to be informed with a common purpose. The sublime carries with it a feeling of the mysterious. The majesty of oratory awakens a sublime emotion in which the uncertain and mysterious largely prevail. We feel in the speaker himself a power, a consciousness and a confidence, which overwhelms while it elevates.

For the production of great and continuous sublimity and beauty, there is needed a quality of intellect akin to obstinacy: we should perhaps have said, rather, a quality of intelligence, of the active and impulsive, and not of the gubernatorial faculties. If not a quality, then a power, a faculty, for which psychology has no name, (psychology being a science uncultivated in our language,) to which we are obliged to give the name "*concentrativeness*," invented by the phrenologists. The brokenness and want of continuity of Keats may perhaps be attributed to a want or weakness of this faculty; a deficiency which no cultivation could fully compensate, whose want excludes the artist from the epic and dramatic circles, restricting the efforts of his genius within the sphere of lyric and essay. While the fit is on him, he is able to give unity to his work; but he cannot recover the mood. The faculty of *soaring* is denied him; his flights, though powerful, are brief and swooping;—a quality excellent only for a wit, a song-writer, a story-teller, or a humorist. It is said by those who have read the epic of Petrarch, that it is deficient in every quality of an epic. It may have been a deficiency of the kind which we have described, which limited this author to the production of a sonnet or a canzonet. It may have been the same deficiency, or rather the consciousness of it, which restrained Boccaccio from any fiction of magnitude. In a fiction of three pages, Boccaccio has no rival; in a fiction of twenty, he fatigues the reader: the shorter the story, the better it is told. The fire is intense, but it burns only for a moment.

Was there not a similar deficiency, natural and inherent, in the greatest of the German poets, Goethe? In a chapter of cool advice to the *young* poets of Germany, he forbids the undertaking of long works; for wise reasons, perhaps, he restricted himself; and his reputation rests rather upon lyrical passages, brief essays, full of pith and

observation, and satisfying to the intellect. In his larger works, want of unity detracts from their dignity and value as works of art. It has been said of him, that though a "law-giver of art, he was not an artist;"* and yet who but an artist could have created the character of Mignon, or composed the drama of Iphigenia? "Was it that he knew too much, that his sight was microscopic and interfered with the just perspective, the seeing of the whole?"† Clearly not; but that he lacked concentration; for if the possession of the microscopic eye were inconsistent with that of the higher artistic faculties, what shall we say of Shakspeare, Aristophanes, Swift, Homer, in whom unity of design and singleness of purpose are traits as conspicuous as any other proper to the artistic mind? "He is fragmentary—a writer of occasional poems." Yes; and these poems, at least the best of them, have an undeniable unity. "When he sits down to write a drama or a tale, he collects and sorts his observations, and combines them into a body, as fitly as he can." But, with an utter deficiency of the artistic power, he could not have collected his observations; he could see their fitness, but he could not fuse them into a consistent whole; he could build the sacrificial pile, but he could not set fire to it. His nature was cold, and the quality of concentrativeness is a quality of *heat*, and lies on the side of passion. The man who is devoid of it will not only produce no long works of art, but he will have no life friendships nor enmities. Warm for the moment, his fire is soon out; he is sentimental and fickle; he is versatile, not so much from the plasticity and variety of his intellect, as from a natural coldness and shallowness of feeling; he is skeptical, not so much from a want of insight, as from observing in himself the incessant change and fluctuation of his own feelings; and learning to despise this weakness in himself, he mistakes it for a weakness of all humanity.

To return to the subject of our article. It is not easy to determine whether in Keats the interruptedness and want of unity arose more from a physical or an intellectual weakness. Feeble, and of a consumptive habit, the fire of his passions devoured the strength of his body; and as we observe in his later

* Emerson, *Representative Men*, page 282.

† Id.

works a unity which the earlier do not show, it may have been in him a defect more of the flesh than of the spirit; and as a token of this, we observe in all his works a most absolute unity of *feeling* at least: the quality is even, the texture only broken; the pursuit is steady, but the limbs are weak. He needed, it may be, only the ripening and solidifying influence of health and experience.

After every minor difficulty has been surmounted by the artist, the taste cultivated, expression abounding, imagery at command, knowledge full and serviceable, the field and the limit of genius ascertained, the greatest of all remains yet to be overcome; and that is, the choice of subject. If his genius is epical, but one theme will occur to him in the entire course of his life. If it occurs at all, with the conviction of fitness attending it, it may be undertaken too early, or at an unseasonable time, and its weight may kill the author; or it may never rise before him until he has become so far engaged in the business of life, there is no leisure left. The conjunction of four planets is hardly more rare than the fortunate conjunction of time, subject, circumstance, preparation, and ability for the work. That it should kill its

author does not seem at all surprising; for of all passions that afflict humanity, that of poetic renown is the most consuming and invincible. A great genius, failing in youth under the burden of an immortal design, is an object most pathetic, most touching, and we dare say, most venerable. The passion that actuates and consumes him is a desire for the love, not of one person, but of all mankind, of all futurity. There is in him no scorn of humanity, but the most exalted regard; he falls a victim to it; he is a lover, dying of an eternal passion. It is no shallow vanity that spurs him; he is content with a present obscurity in exchange for a lasting renown. His desire is to please all mankind, and while he pleases, while he fascinates, to elevate and to calm. He is, in a strict sense, the prophet, or rather the illustrator and the expounder of the beauty and the harmony of the universe; and not only of the beauty and the harmony, but of the eternal sweetness, of which individual love is but a spark. Is he not, then, in a peculiar and sublime sense, a favorite with the creative Power? And as such, ought we not seriously, and apart from all sentiment, to respect and honor him in his vocation?

J. D. W.

WOOD FALL.

(IMITATED FROM THE "RUGLE SONG.")

The breeze creeps still from plain and hill
Within the forest black and hoary;
The sunlight gleams in rounded streams,
And floods the woodland maze in glory.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

From mosses deep on ruined steep
Slow drops descend in sullen plashing;
From rocky brim, with eddying swim,
The waters leap in foam-wreaths flashing.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

It rolls away—the river gray,
But columned mists to sky are driven;
So flows our life—a tumbling strife,
So mount our better thoughts to heaven.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

REINHOLD.

SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

It is an old axiom, that "Good goods are oftenest made up in small parcels." There is much of truth in it, and we are inclined to hold by it, and adopt it as one of our articles of faith. In a little poem, as in a little house, or in a little man, may we often find *not* a little domestic comfort, true spirit of independence, appreciation of the beautiful, and manhood.

Our architectural and ventilation comfort-seeking friends must not suppose, however, that we are going to create a revolution, or throw the whole brick-and-mortar world into a barricade by writing an essay on "Cottage Building." Neither must our "one-small-head-could-carry-all-he-knew" admirers think they shall peruse a paper devoted to the physiology or psychology of little men, or the immortalization of "Short Boys," from our pen. We at present shall not enlighten the former by intruding on their hearths, nor the latter by a cargo of small souls, but confine ourselves to a few remarks on a subject which is as good as life to both, especially if the one be an "unco merrie chiel," and the other inhabited with a "set of right gay fellows," meerschaums and amontillado included. That subject is Songs—Lyrics—short poems.

A word on our morals—the meerschaums and amontillado, to wit. In this age of revolution, it is not to be wondered at that half creation smokes; and further, though critically we are opposed to puffs, we find that a genial pipe has a most harmonious effect on our cranium, and enables us to play—we had nigh said the very d——l—with the discordant volumes of sound (and fury) which the muses of certain scribes persist in emitting. A good Havana is a sort of lightning-conductor from the head, and the denser the clouds, be sure the more electric fire they contain. As to the goblet—why, all poets and philosophers have had, and have, their especial nectar, and *that* only is true nectar which agrees best with the constituted being of its imbibor. Anacreon, Catullus, and Pindar were jolly gods. Shak-

speare got his death by rising from a bed of sickness to give Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher a "drink." And in our own day, hadn't our philosophic friend, the Seer of Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh, his academic guk-guk; Byron, his gin; Maginn, his whiskey; Kit North, his Glenlivet; Tom Moore, his rosy wine; Hartley Coleridge and Poe, whatever they could get? And why shouldn't we have our amontillado? We *will* have it, (when we can get it;) and we are sure our admirers will not debar us, even in thought, of what makes us "mind our business." This hint is only thrown out for those who don't mind *their* business.

Having said so much, we must now get our pen into a critical position.

Short poems or lyrics, to be what they ought to be, must *not* be mere fragments of the brain, but the complete, unique, and refined thought on the object or circumstance in the poet's mind. A lyric must not be the mere head, arm, or leg of the form to be embodied, but head, arms, trunk, legs and all—the perfect embodiment, strong in its perfection, solid in its unity. The mere capital or base will not do; we must have base, column, and capital, in true Doric or Ionic simplicity. What is to be said, must be said,—so much, and no more. The slightest word not appropriate to the object in view destroys the effect; and no expediency of rhyme can make up for a verbal defect in a song. Their great beauty is their directness, their candor, their faith, which needs no extraneous sophistry to produce the end which the honesty of simplicity and straight-wordedness can alone attain. Their effect may be heightened by ideality or fancy, in the same manner as a band of music cheers a marching army and idealizes its hopes and vocation. And, for the same reason that we would have shot (without court-martial) the band-master who would strike up a dead march in an enemy's country, we would hand over to the keeper of Blackwell's Island, without a commission *de lunatico*, the versifier who would give us

sixteen or sixty lines of mosaic in regular syllables, and call it a song, merely because of its shortness.

The true song-writer is the greatest word-artist. He uses, chooses, and thinks over his assortment of words, as a doctor analyzes in his mind the component parts of the prescription he is jotting down for the use of his patient. Every word, as every drachm or grain of medicine, is chosen relatively as to its effect on those with which it is to be used, and with which it is to act and produce certain effects. Moreover, all this must be done, as in the doctor's case, so that no mark of the process of thought shall be left visible after its completion. The song must have a hearty wholeness, a rich miniature perfection when complete, even though every line cost a week, as precious metals show a perfect brilliancy after passing through the refining crucible. Metaphor may be used freely, provided it does not lead to digression, which it is very likely to do on indulgence. Metaphorical allusions are rather pleasing, and can aid in the purpose of the song much, if delicately introduced, and at the proper times. Too frequently we see, in what are given to us as "songs," an overloading of expression from the overworking of this faculty, or rather from its too obliging nature—ever ready to be at the service of the poet. It is in this the abuse of the faculty lies, and a weak succumbing to its influence only tends to swathe in a wrap-page of words the thought with which the poet started. The song, as the sonnet, must be clear and unique in itself, and tell a story simply by suggesting it. Its suggestiveness is the great aim of the song, and which is nearly as much dependent on its euphony, as shown in the relation of words, as its thought. Heaviness of expression will obstruct the purposes of music, without which a song is intolerable. In fact, it must sing itself, by its own very nature and construction, into the senses, as we read, even if it is not adapted to regular musical notes. Its cadences of rhythm must rise and fall in a pleasing harmony with the thought, and be suggestive of an air, even as it is suggestive of a tale or a picture. We take the latter to be one of the great, perhaps *the* great aim of the lyric, that it suggest an epic.

Here is a glorious moral song by old James Shirley: let us read it. It was intended for a funeral song in a play of his,

"The Contentment of Ajax and Ulysses," and is said to have been a favorite song with King Charles the Second. We don't think the "merrie monarch" found much consolation in it for his boisterous temperament, although we are aware that this mockery of existence often makes the most solemn man play the fool to all appearance, and *vice versa*. Our opinion of Charles has been much improved since the first time we read this song of Shirley's and learnt the king's appreciation of it, and on it found one redeeming exception to Rochester's caustic but candid character of his patron in wit and profligacy:

"Here lies our mutton-eating King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
He never did a wise one."

If he never did a wiser thing than appreciate this song, we could respect him for that alone.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

*The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."*

That grand old lyric to a great extent exemplifies what we have said in reference to such compositions. It is perfect as a death-song. Every line is suggestive, and spreads itself in the mind into a wide area of thought and speculation. Its art, too, is excellent, and reminds us forcibly of Tennyson in our own day. We have no lame lines eking out their miserable volition by soiled or worn-out wings of fancy, or forced up to our sense by stilted metaphors. What

is said is crisply and strongly, because naturally, said. The expressiveness is unobtrusive, because strength is never a bully. We know of nothing in the range of lyrical works more beautiful than the opening of this song, and its great beauty and strength is in its direct expressiveness:

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

The contrast, a power of great efficiency in all classes of poetry, and of great beauty when well introduced, especially into the lyric order, is here very perfect; and it is solely because there is no clasp in the construction of the verse. Shirley speaks with perfect naturalness, and in that is his triumph. It is the triumph of honesty. Shadows are called *shadows*, not fleeting vapors of this thing or that; and substances are called—what would appear to some of our dilettanti awfully prosy—*substantial*; not "concentrated essences of sublimated bricks," and so forth. There is no straining after effect; and the fact is, we have the whole existence of man, his birth, ambition, and eminence, conveyed as strongly, truly, and suggestively, in twelve simple, natural words, as in the most elaborate epics or death-verses in the English language. Poe was right in saying, "It is no paradox, that the more prosaic the construction of the verse the better." It is a perfect truth, though by no means an original idea of his. In this song of Shirley's we have a capital illustration of the force of directness. How many preachers might have quoted,

"There is no armor against fate,"

and saved their breath and their sermons. The simple line suggests—and no mind capable of hearing any every-day sermon can help, after reading it, thinking to itself much quicker than any other could convey—all that can be said or writ on the subject. The whole moral of the grand revolutionist and his republican equality, death and the grave, upon which more rags and paper have been wasted than would winding-sheet creation, is given in the eight syllables:

"Death lays his icy hands on kings."

It is needless to go through it line for line; the song is there, and its immense suggestiveness will shoot through the brain of every reader. A word on its style. It is perfect.

The change in the fifth line of each stanza to the short line of two iambuses from the alternating iambics and anapests of the four preceding is perhaps not noticed in its effect by most readers, but is a movement of great strength, and aids the purpose of the poem in a remarkable manner. The shortening of the line, or rather the dividing of a line of four iambic feet into two lines of two iambuses, makes a necessity for the quick recurrence of a rhyme, which in this place comes with marked and forcible emphasis.

"Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,"

and what follows, is but an amplification of the line which preceded; but amplification, when judiciously and dramatically done, is one of the true and great resources of the orator, and oratory, or rather its power of eloquent expression, is of the most decided need to a lyrical composition, it being always supposed to be written for chanting.

"Sceptre and crown," &c.,

is an emphatic explanation of what preceded; a burden or refrain enlarged from the premises laid down, in which some generalities for the sake of conviction and explanation are introduced. In the other two stanzas the same construction is present. The four first lines of every stanza make the poem complete, for they are perfect; the latter four lines are introduced to each stanza in the shape of evidence to the senses, and convey with more minutiae of detail what was already said. The verbal elegance and strength of nomenclature displayed in the composition of this song are eloquent in their own behalf; and we will do no more than italicize some of them, lest our readers might argue, as they do of pseudo witticisms, that to need explanation only proves their stupidity.

Let us present our reader with another song, on a different subject, though uncheerful. (We have a natural, or a practice-made-perfect love for misfortune and disappointment.) The song which we are about to present is a modern one, and one which we think beautiful, and favor as such. Its great beauty is its prolific suggestiveness. It is by Tom Hood, that genial and dual spirit, for whom Urania and Momus must have stood sponsors, and whom in love for their charge each sought to make their own, by casting with lovable

rivalry their peculiar and intense influences over him. They succeeded in making him greater than either, by making him master of both. This song is entitled :

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

"Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
 Friends if we have ever been,
 Friends we cannot now remain:
 I only know I loved you once,
 I only know I loved in vain.
 Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
 Our hands will never meet again !

"Then farewell to heart and hand !
 I would our hands had never met :
Even the outward form of love
Must be resigned with some regret.
 Friends we still might seem to be,
 If I my wrong could e'er forget.
 Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts :
 I would our hands had never met !"

The courage of sorrowful desperation is more strongly portrayed in those lines than any we are aware of. It opens with a determination, evidently the effect of much thought, beautifully expressed,—the condensed essence of a great effort on the part of the deceived,—and suggests to the reader all the thoughts and feelings which must have led to such a conclusion. In the third and fourth lines the determination is amplified on with emphatic nervousness :

"Friends if we have ever been,
 Friends we cannot now remain."

Then follows a hinting of the reason, the natural sequence of the foregone expressions; the *why*, the *wherefore*. There has been a deep love, and a deep disappointment; there is no hint at deception. The love has been so deep and so earnest, that it cannot easily convince itself of wrong in the object "once" beloved; will not, with the true spirit and logic of the heart, allow such a thought more than a transient location in the mind. It *only* knows it "loved in vain." Perhaps the heart argues with itself that its failure was its own fault, but the break-off is indispensable for its own truth, its safety, which is a small concern, but more probably its injured pride,—ay, its pride, which acts on the will: what mortal, even lover though he be, that has not pride?—and the determination of separation is more intensely and sorrowfully settled in the mind than before:

"Our hands will *never* meet again."

The "farewell" in the opening of the second stanza is the natural consequence of a deep affection, which, though it no longer can be made apparent for its own reasons, still lingers in the bosom of the lover. The heart-wrung wish that

———"their hands had never met"

is the last struggle in the heart yielding for ever the object it loved. By a retrospective analysis of his heart, he passes through the days, the hours, the objects, and little incidents of his love, until he comes to the source of all—the first meeting; and in wild despair in himself leaps at that, sees it as the Lethe fount of all his unhappiness, and most naturally prays it had never been. This shows one of the truest phases in the life of love: it always snatches for consolation at something which cannot give it. A moment's thought would show its impracticability, but what real lover ever was practicable? Immediately follows another glance into the metaphysics of the heart,—the self-pacifying argument that there was no *real* attachment, merely the outward "form of love;" and then, as an excuse for the evident weakness into which his soul-talk has led him, finding it holds him firmer than he could have thought, or for the purpose of appearances, he adds that

"Even the outward form of love
Must be resigned with some regret."

The real lover is still apparent in him. The excess of love is still manifest. The heart allowed too much for its own rest even in regretting its resignation, and little more would make him as open and unregardful a devotee as ever. He is lingering around his love. Affection is growing—is returning on him. He admits that

"Friends we still might *seem* to be;"

but if they *seemed*, if they met, he would be lost; and his pride again rises supreme:

"If I my wrong could e'er forget;"

and then, in the strength of his renewed spirit, he turns to his first thoughts of their hearts not joining, and concludes with an effort to think it all a dream; to go back beyond their meeting,—

"I would our hands had never met,"—

and live forward as though it had not been

There is a great intensity of feeling and deep metaphysical analysis in those simple but beautiful lines. The knowledge of the human heart is wide, and no doubt presents a phase in the existence of that of the harrowed soul of the author. Those lines cast over us a feeling of deep sadness, and to hear them sung to the beautiful melody composed for them, and which but more deeply portrays the feelings of the words, makes us melancholy for the night. The air, by one of the most gifted of living composers, William Vincent Wallace, is extremely beautiful, and one of the most exquisitely melodious of modern compositions. The composer seems to have caught up every feeling, to anticipate every thought. It is really metaphysical melody, perfect in its expression of the determination, sorrow, and loving doubts and reminiscences of the poet. He has caught the poet's heart into his own, and sent it out with the raiment of deep and melancholy sound such as it has appealed to us in. It has never appealed in vain.

These two songs we have quoted are perfect of their kind, and carry out our idea of the construction of lyrical compositions. They are direct, comprehensive, suggestive. From the opening of Shirley's plaint to the exquisite concluding couplet,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust,"

it shows a deep analytical insight into life, and through cant and hypocrisy; and casting off the clouds and dire vapors that hang over the social heaven, seeks the pure air, the clear atmosphere of the soul itself; catches the lightning through the cloud, and brings its living truth face to face with man. In Hood's poem, the unity is almost miraculous. In two short verses, he presents the whole torture of a rich and welling love under disappointment. Opening with a determination to conquer his own feelings, he tells a world of woes by a few electric touches, short as they are rapid, but large enough to admit us to his full heart-confidence; and concludes as he began, binding up as it were the kernel within the shell. The thought he started with he ends with; and all that is said or done in the interim moves and speaks like the machinery of a watch, wheels within wheels, all within the case and face, for the true perfection and regularity of

which the interior toils and has a mechanic being.

In songs of a more vivacious, a light love or Bacchanalian character, where personal peculiarities or characteristics are introduced, drolleries grafted in, or witticisms discharged, the greatest fear of failure is in diffuseness. Earnestness through all must be the guiding star. The most ludicrous or humorous reflection, expressed in lackadaisical diffuseness, produces, if any, but a tithe of the effect it would produce if given in an earnest and direct manner. It should rather startle by its unique suddenness, like sun-light breaking into a darkened room through a small opening of the blind. It should astonish by its clearness, like the ring of a rifle-shot, heard to be fully understood and then extinct. Its magic is suggestive, and its earnestness leaves no doubt but that something was intended. In songs of pure affection this curse of diffuseness is even more to be dreaded. The fact of the poet embodying a lover's thoughts leads to a multitude of feelings regarding the mistress sung of or sung to, and it is more than probable the work of amplification and reiteration is carried to an extent which renders the performance disgustingly flattering or weakly meaningless. It is in this emergency the true poet, as the true general, takes the outposts, the keys to the whole campaign, and catches at those points which suggest his mastery over the whole ground. He sees through the character, and gives the little heart-touches of expression which clearly set before the reader a perfect history or a perfect likeness. The following verse of Moore's brings a beautiful picture to our mind, and yet he has not filled in his sketch with the slightest tint of color, but the "smiling eyes," and the "hope," "joy," and "light" in them lead us to the ideal expression of an accompanying face, the face to a form, all grace and sweetness; and we have a gentle, lovable form before us, as true as if the graceful pencil of Kenny Meadows or the rich color of Maclise had been at work:—

"Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise
To dim a heav'n so purely bright,
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay."

The *cloudless*, "purely bright" eyes, the *griefless* brow, and the "*light heart*," convey the whole idea of her of whom such is said, even as the mariner can prophesy the day or the morrow by the sky signs of the dawn or the evening. Here is another verse from the "*Melodies*," which always struck us as inexpressibly beautiful, and which one could linger over by the hour. It tells a whole history of literary life, and its truth is read in all literary biography:—

"Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name."

These quotations carry out our idea of song-writing.

We have a very sweet song before us which we do not remember to have ever met in print. We have looked through several volumes which we thought likely to contain it, but in vain have we sought a clue to its authorship. We have taken it down from the recitation of a lady who sings it, and who recollects it from childhood. We have applied to several literary friends for information as to its parentage, but without finding any more than we knew ourself. Here is the foundling:—

"Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willie!
There's love, and there's hope, and there's glee,
There's love and there's joy in thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy bonny blue e'e!
But, oh! how my heart was torn, Willie;
For little I e'er thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Should ever be won by me!

"But of vows so soft as thy vows, Willie,
Oh! who would not like me be proud!—
Come down, come down, sweet lark, and see,
Come down frae thy echoing cloud;
Come down frae thy cloud, and tell to thy mate,—
But tell to thy mate alone,—
Thou hast found a maid whose heart of love
Was merry and light as thine own!"

The chief beauty of this song, and it is a true song, is its naturalness—the spontaneity with which it bursts forth. There is no art in its composition at all as regards metre, yet the contrasts have all the art which true

heart manifests. It is in this particular that the songs of Burns excel; in the true spirit, embodying what rushes to every mind, and entrapping as an illustration to his main object every little occurrence, making every thing and all things subservient to his occasion. The song we have quoted is a beautiful burst of affection and passionate pride. The opening line is excessively musical; it bounds with conscious joy, and almost suggests a tune. The amplification of the praises of her Willie in the three succeeding lines is most natural, showing the delight with which the maiden singer loves to dwell on the appearance of her beloved, and her connecting with his "bounding step" and "bonnie blue e'e," all the love, hope, and joy which her natural and maiden pride suggests to her mind as the beau-ideal of a young lovable hero. Every true woman thinks thus, and associates with the object of her love all the manhood and hope and bliss which it is possible for her mind to imagine. It is this power of idealizing which varies woman's love. The more a woman thinks her lover is, the more heroic, the more manly he is to her notion, the more intense is her affection for him. The true soul of woman finds congenial labor here. What woman could love a coward? This faculty and feeling it must be which produces the great likeness between those who love. For a woman must be noble to idealize a noble man, and the man to appreciate the feelings and grandeur of such a woman must have the true soul actuating and guiding him—a soul capable of understanding and participating in noble actions.

"But, oh! how my heart was torn, Willie,"

and concluding lines of the first stanza, present a beautiful insight to the maiden's heart, and is the most natural turn of thought to the preceding. Having won him, she thinks back to the time her heart was torn with doubt and despair, and shows that strong silent love so characteristic of a deep-seated affection. Her modesty, too, in fearing competition with the other maidens, tells a whole heart-history. The contrast of her present the more forcibly makes her think of the past, and the amplification of the joy in the opening is the more natural on this very account, for she has had her sorrow:

"Oh! how my heart was torn, Willie;
For little I e'er thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Should ever be won by me!"

In the opening of the second stanza she recurs to his vows and to the pride they should naturally entail on her, keeping in mind that he who "won the lasses all" was now hers alone. The break-off in the third line, with an apostrophe to the lark, to us appears most natural, and is one of those (can we say?) tricks of application which love makes for the heightening of its own purpose. She implores the lark to come down, that she might compare her own love with the love of its mate for him, as pure and joyous. The maidenhood of the expression in the line,

"But tell to thy mate *alone*,"

is very suggestive, and conveys all the modesty and silent-love characteristics spoken of before in connection with the fifth line of the first stanza. "Tell to thy mate *alone*," as she would tell her Willie. Her love is *alone* for him, and needs be told to no other; and conscious of being beloved in return, she is as "merry and light" as the lark's mate, cleaving with its loving wings the congenial sky of heaven. In our opinion it is a very beautiful song, and carries out our idea of the song proper, in its spontaneity, heart, and suggestiveness. We have before alluded to its inartistic qualities; they are evident. It may be that the memory of the lady from whom we have it has dropped some words and introduced others, but we rather give the song as we have it than alter it. It is most likely, however, that it stands on our page as it was written, with some very trivial difference, and we should think it between half a century and seventy years old.

The directness, uniqueness, heart, and suggestiveness which we idealize as the combination necessary to the being of a *song*, will be found to be present in the works of those lyrists who hold on the public ear; those who live through the fashionable season, and who make for the reception of their thought all seasons fashionable. Look to the three greatest lyrists of our time, perhaps of any time, Moore, Burns, and Béranger, and we find in them all those elements we contend for. Burns's great quality is his thorough candor, heart, and humor. He is often

rough, but always natural. He knew no rules but those of his heart, and wrote as it dictated, because he couldn't help it. Stop from writing? He could no more do it than Bacchus could stop from drinking. He should sing as well as breathe. To him was given another power of vitality, not often consigned to man. Singing was necessary to his life, although it indirectly caused his death. Now this looks paradoxical, reader, but it is not so. In Burns we often find real humor, oftener ludicrousness. He possessed a deep nature-gift of knowledge of character, and could pierce to the heart of humanity, join in the undertone of its inborn melody, take up its minutest pulses, and convey their throbbings and feelings to his fellow-men. He was wild, too, and gloriously uncouth, but in all he was thoroughly national, and, for those days of hypocrisy and mask, unnaturally natural, and always enthusiastically in earnest.

George H. Colton, the author of "Tantum," and one of the original projectors and editors of this Review, was a critic of remarkably acute and sensitive appreciation. An intimate friend of his, now at our elbow, and to whom we have been reading our essay, interrupts us to tell an anecdote which, as it is characteristic of Colton, illustrates the power of Burns, and agrees perfectly with our ideas of the epic suggestiveness of a song, we insert here. Colton had a tender and sympathetic perception for the beautiful and the pathetic, and it appears he never could repeat the well-known lines of Burns,

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

without tears coming to his eyes. These lines were favorites of Colton's, and on repeating them once to our friend, he remarked with exceeding truth that they were among the finest lines he knew, and concluded thus epigrammatically: "In those four lines we have a play of Shakspeare's or a novel of Walter Scott's!" Scott, himself a wizard, and than whom none could better understand their suggestiveness, said of these same lines, that they contained the essence of a thousand love romances. We had not the pleasure of Colton's acquaintance, but from this conversational remark it is plain we should have agreed as to the

necessity of the song proper. These four lines contain an epic—many epics in their suggestions. They are simple, spontaneous, strong, pathetic, and present the wildering story with the nervous completeness of condensity that such an experience would convey most naturally to the heart of a true, sorrowing lover.

Moore, as a lyrist, is far the most perfect and brilliant we can name; and it is as a lyrist he will flow over the rapids and cataracts of Time undisturbed. For Time's old stream does not always flow smoothly, O reader. It has its whirlpools and cataracts: we all witnessed one of the latter, nor long since either—'48. Time worked itself to fever heat then. It roared till we almost thought it had changed its voice for aye. The old sinner abated, thinking he had cried enough for his misdeeds, but left an echo to perform that which he needs must have left unwept for, and which thunders in his wake like the haunting conscience of a great crime. Moore will outlive those cataracts, and lull the old man's wrath. Moore's power of language is exceeding; he strikes the finest chords of feeling by a word, and enraptures by a well-pointed metaphor: we speak especially of his songs. His periods curl as gracefully as the whitened locks of sea-foam coming near a coast when a gay land-breeze kisses them; they wave and sparkle like diamonds. The construction of his songs is perfection; his wit brilliant, and suiting its place and opportunity as the flowers the seasons. When he rises into a purely national feeling, his emotions are strong and nervous, embodying the spirit of his land, its sorrow, glory, or gallantry. He is musical beyond compare, and tender to blessedness. His pathos is of a refined and exquisite nature, those lyrics, to wit, "Oh, breathe not his name;" "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls;" and a crowd of others which cling to the reader's memory. His devilry is rather impish than diabolic, and his Bacchanalian songs are decidedly intoxicating, if not in themselves intoxicated. He is a true minstrel, in his wit, wassail, war, and women.

Béranger, without Moore's finish, has more style than Burns, with all the latter's naturalness. He is boisterous, humorous, witty, pointed in a like degree, and possesses a certain forcible pith, born of his undying political zeal, which is perfectly electric. Like

both the Scotch and Irish bards, he is very sarcastic when he has an opportunity, and deals heavy blows, and leaves life-scars on the objects of his wrath. He is very suggestive, and his unity is a great feature in his songs; being written with some certain purpose, they give a daguerreotype which suggests the time, influence, or person, under whose inspiration he wrote. Republican France is the pole to which his soul has been magnetized, and he has kept his head, hand and heart firmly in that direction through all vicissitudes, storms, and prison windows. He is always in earnest, and the arrows of his Cupid are as sharp as his freedom-seeking lance. He is honest, daring, natural, and national, bounding with heart and good-humor. We rarely meet a translation of one of his songs to come up with our idea of him, they are so difficult of English rendering by the localisms, idiosyncrasies, and naïveté of the author. The best, we might say the only really characteristic translations we have met, are those by Dr. Maginn, Father Prout, (Rev. F. Mahony,) and William Dowd: these are to be found only in *Fraser's*, the *Dublin University*, and lately *Sartain's Magazines*. Why not Dowd make a collection?*

The songs of such poets as we have alluded to live in the future as traditions and family legends. The first airs that lullaby the occupant of the cradle, they will grow with the child up through his youth and manhood as a part of him; and though he never had the books, or knew how even to read if he had them, he shall be haunted by the song as his good or evil genius, the star under which he was born. He shall leave it to his children as a legacy, and to his children's children shall croon it in the chimney-corner, or under the Liberty-trees or hawthorns of his own youthhood. The songs of Haynes Bailey

* Since writing the above, we have met the following paragraph, which, even more literally than we could have imagined, carries out our idea of the suggestiveness of the true song. The Paris correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette* writes: "Within the last few months the world-renowned 'Lisette,' the 'Grandmère,' 'Roger Bon-temps,' and I know not how many other of Béranger's exquisite songs, have been transformed into plays; and this week, there have been 'La Gotton' spun out into five acts, and 'La Bouquetière et le Croque-Mort.'" Colton's remark on Burns's lines is made a fact, as regards the fortunate French lyrist.

and Thomas Dibdin, and others of their class, possess a "rage" for a time, owing to some accident of tune or fashion; but they fall like the leaves of autumn, and are whizzed out of existence with the season and the last *soirée*. Bailey's songs are pretty—no more. Who reads them now, notwithstanding their once great popularity? No one, save sentimental young ladies, and gentlemen who try to torture themselves into what they call affection, as they would torture them into corsets and paddings. And where are Dibdin's now? Where?—where, but consigned to the lurching and "heave-ahead," red-faced and big-whiskered fellow in clean white trousers and blue jacket edged with tape, who "does" the very nautical business behind the foot-lights of the minor theatres of London? "Out on the lazy land-lubbers!" "Split my taffrail!" "Shiver my timbers!" and then out comes the ghost of poor Dibdin, to the delight of the "gods" and other admirers of the "Mariners of England," and to the disquiet of poor Tom's ghost, no doubt, (if he has one.) These songs for the most part lacked nature; they were painted for theatric representation, like an accompanying scene. They wanted heart, truth, and earnestness, and so went the ways of hypocrisy.

Some of the songs of George P. Morris and Charles Fenno Hoffman are catching and exceedingly pretty, but they want that "no uncommon want," earnestness. They are exceedingly musical, those of the latter especially; but that thorough heart and spontaneity so requisite to the song is in general wanting. Poe says that "Woodman, spare that Tree" is enough to make Morris *immortal*. We admire the song for a certain amount of pathetic tenderness in it, and for its suggestiveness of a story. At the same time we must admit that the author took more than a hint from Thomas Campbell's "Beech Tree's Petition." It is worth reading the two side by side:—

I.

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
O woodman! spare that tree,
The axe shall harm it not.

II.

"Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its shade I've heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild
Of many a forest bird;
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand:
I ask thee with a tear
To let that old oak stand.

III.

"That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say, wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Touch not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies."

We quote from memory. Here is Campbell's:—

"Oh! leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though shrub [bush] nor floweret never grow
My wan [dark] unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial treasures of the hive;
Yet leave this little spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

"Thrice twenty summers I have seen,
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my rustling [pleasant] bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid [made];
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the vows [sighs] of gentle sound
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honor me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!"*

The ideas in both are identical, and the burden expressed in each nearly word for word. The feelings of the first naturally grow out of those expressed in the latter, and are only different in being put into the

* The lines italicized were emendations of the author, and appear in the edition of 1841. The earlier editions had them not; and on looking at the edition of 1851, Philadelphia, we perceive that in the emended form are also five verbal alterations in the poem, which we have given in brackets after the original text. S.

mouth of a female, while Campbell made the tree itself "petition" for its life.

The following verses by Morris are full of beauty, and worthy the praise which they have met with:—

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth."

Fit dwelling for the "fair and gentle Ida." The metaphor of the "*billowy swells*" of the hills is the more perfectly carried out by the expression of the

"*Nymph of mountain birth.*"

The next verse is rather diffuse in rhetorical expletives and wanting in heart, but is nevertheless pretty:—

"The snow-flake that the cliff receives—
The diamonds of the showers—
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves—
The sisterhood of flowers—
Morn's early beam—eve's balmy breeze—
Her purity define:—
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine."

This second stanza wants passion and more unity. The melody of the lines is intercepted by the disjointed construction—the dashes (—). This description of construction is often very effective, and produces strength, but every word should heighten in character and force to achieve such an end. It is very dangerous in lyrical composition to deal in the dash style. In the fifth line, "*Morn's early beam*" is very rough: the two consonants *r* come together too closely, and produce a stumble in the course of the metre, as well as an unpleasantness to the ear. The line should read,

"*Dawn's early beam*—eve's balmy breeze;"

and it would be perfect at all points. Such a difference is by no means slight. Singers know well the happiness of words which may be articulated clearly and with ease.

Mr. Morris seems to be a communist in the way of verses, for we find among his compositions many ideas and expressions of some of our favorites, which he appropriates without the credit of quotation marks or foot-notes. In a late production of his in

Graham, "*The Dream of Love*," the opening runs thus:

"I've had the heart-ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name;"

which immediately reminds us that Halleck wrote thus:

"I've felt full many a heart-ache in my day,
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown," etc.;

and Mrs. Osgood thus:

"Whenever his name is heard,
Her young heart thrills;
Forgetting herself, her duty,
Her dark eye fills," etc.

In the same stanzas of Morris we have:

"Her gentle look and winning ways,
Whose portrait hangs on *Memory's walls*;"

reminding us of Alice Carey's sweet poem, which opens:

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on *Memory's wall*."

A little farther down Morris says:

"They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires:
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires;"

which seems a dilution of Tom Moore's

"The heart that once truly loves never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close."

If we wished to be obtrusive, we might cull many more such "coincidences," but simple justice to the authors (four) demands our giving these notes to Mr. Morris's compilation in this instance.

Hoffman's "*Sparkling and Bright*" is a hearty and melodious production. In the Anacreontic vein, here are two stanzas by Rufus Dawes, which have spirit and some pleasant conceit:—

"Mark this cup of rosy wine,
With virgin pureness deeply blushing;
Beauty pressed it from the vine,
While Love stood by to charm its gushing.
He who dares to drain it now
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens;
The Moslem's dream
Would joyless seem
To him whose brain its rapture maddens."

"Pleasure sparkles on the brim;
Lethé lies far deeper in it;
Both, enticing, wait for him
Whose heart is warm enough to win it."

Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill,
 Soon with love again must lighten ;
 Skies may wear
 A darksome air
 Where sunshine most is known to brighten."

In the second verse, the introduction of the Lethe draught is not in perfect taste with the pleasure of the song. It is true, the followers of Osiris had a skeleton at their feasts; but though such may be the fact, it is in bad taste at a pleasure party to tell the wassailers that death was in all their benkers; and further, that it was waiting for him

"Whose heart was warm enough to win it."

Now, though many a dare-devil roysterer would meet death in a "free-and-easy" manner over a bowl, still it is a stretch in physics and imagination to say the heart is warm enough for death. It might be said that the drink would make his heart as hot as that anti-theological region which is not entirely peopled by Esquimaux Indians or Greenlanders. But apart from joking, we think the line in bad taste, which is the more evident from the tone of the concluding lines in the stanza.

After Moore, Samuel Lover has been the most popular song-writer of the day; not that he deserves it in comparison with his great predecessor, nor that as a poet we could at all institute even a faint likeness. There are far superior Irish song-writers to Lover, who are scarcely or little known out of Ireland. However, he is not without great talent and great industry, and it would be ridiculous to deny to some of his songs the great merit which their world-wide reputation has already admitted. Of "Rory O'More," one of his best songs, the *Dublin University Magazine* truly says: "Who has not heard it, ground as it is on organs, scratched on fiddles, blown on coach horns, pressed into the service of quadrilles, and even tortured into a waltz? Sung in the western wilds of America, and on the wall of China, fided and drummed by our military bands in every quarter of the globe, 'Rory' still reigns a universal favorite, and bids fair * * * to go on living by 'a lease of lives renewable for ever.'" The same might be said of many others by the same author; but while the world admitted those, a long tail of mediocre and worthless ones followed, and kept following, until they are as well

known—much to the author's injury—as his best songs deserve to be. The songs we condemn are those in which the vulgarisms of slang are allowed to be prominent, because their extravagant breadth of pronunciation on the stage and elsewhere "brings down" the cheers of the "groundlings," and others, we are sorry to say, beside. This is not writing for the people; it is pandering to the worst appetites. Some of his songs contain an amount of drollery, some are characterized by wit, others by a happy *double entendre*, some by their thorough raciness, some with feeling, and some few speak the language of love irresistibly sly. Some possess an extreme heartiness and earnestness, while others are miserably forced. Why the author of "True Love can ne'er forget," "Mountain Dew," "Alabama," "The Angel's Whisper," "Rory O'More," and a host of really excellent lyrics, should send out such songs as the "Low-back Car," and others of a like order, seems to us unaccountable. The remarkably beautiful tunes of the latter have made them as popular as "Rory O'More." In all the book* you will not find one stirring song of Ireland's wrongs or hopes. It does not speak well for his nationality to see him devote so much time to cultivate the acquaintance of the muse, preparing her to appear behind the footlights or before the piano-forte, and never give an hour to deck a garland, or make even a small cockade, for her battle-field.

The everywhere known and oft-quoted saying of Fletcher, that he would rather make the songs of a country than its laws, is not without its stern wisdom. The truth of the power assigned to song has been proved—in some instances, unfortunately, in the persons of the poets—many times since. The persecution the Liberty poets of Europe have met with at the hands of the "kings," sufficiently proves the danger to be feared from their compositions, while the popular movements conceived and bred of the circulation of certain songs show what a terrible and determined fire the lightning-blood of song streams into the popular veins. Song from its nature is more liable than any other species of composition to work a revolution, in morals, manners, or government. Its length buoyancy, earnestness, and dogma-

* Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. Third edition, with Additions. New-York: Sadlier. 1851.

tism, (consequent on its terseness,) more than any other thought medium, fit the purpose it conveys for a lasting place in the memory. Having found a home in the brain—laid its basis—it cannot be ousted, but builds theories of love, humor, or law, by virtue of its suggestiveness there; which growing still, it finally must have larger room, must pour outside the brain into acts, as the lava leaps up and rolls down the sides of the fire mountain. Then,

—“volcanic peoples pour
Their lava-voiced defiance
O'er the sides they propp'd before.”

Napoleon perfectly understood the power of song. His opinion of a well-composed air is faithfully true to the words by which the tune may be accompanied. In a private conversation at St. Helena he said: “A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits.” This is perfectly correct; and an anecdote related by Napier, in his “History of the Peninsular War,” proves that the Emperor had not formed this opinion hastily; that it was not a mere momentary conversational thought, but that it was one of his “experiences,” and one also which he considered of the deepest importance, as it involved immense political power. “During the passage of the Niemen,” says the historian, “twelve thousand cuirassiers, whose burnished armor flashed in the sun, while their cries of salutation pealed in unison with the thunder of the horses’ feet, were passing like a foaming torrent towards the river, when Napoleon turned and thus addressed Gouvion St. Cyr, whose republican principles were well known: ‘No monarch ever had such an army!’ ‘No, Sire.’ ‘The French are a fine people; they deserve more liberty, and they shall have it; but, St. Cyr, no liberty of the press! *That army, mighty as it is, could not resist the songs of Paris!*’”

Napoleon had seen the almost miraculous effects of that glorious hymn, the Marseillaise. When he spoke those words to St. Cyr, he had in his “mind’s eye” the “black-browed mass, full of grim ire”—“that noblest of moving phenomena, Barbaroux’s six hundred Marseillaise who knew how to die,” as they left their “sunny Phocian city and

sea-haven with its bustle and its bloom,” for Charenton and the Champs Elysées, and the patriot bosoms of the city. “*Marchez, abattez le tyran,*” and the *men who knew how to die* are on their way. Then rose the volume of voice:

“Allons, enfans de la patrie,”

which cast its shadow over the twelve thousand cuirassiers to the waters of the Niemen, and thence followed Napoleon to the rock of Helena. Then comes the chorus of those men who knew how to die as they leave their birth-cots by the sea, which kept echoing round old earth till it visited its parent France again, and again, but lately:

“Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons:

Qu’un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.”

Then more wild, till the neck veins and the eyes start out together:

“Marchons, marchons:
Qu’un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.”

Truly, Carlyle, “such march *has* become famous.” When we see such effects, how forcibly does the truth strike us, that France was “an absolute monarchy tempered by songs.” The glorious *chansons* of Béranger are as famous for their prosecution as for their noble sentiments. And they had considerable, most considerable influence in expelling two monarchs from the French throne, Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe. The songs of Béranger, more than the labors of any single man of the Republicans, perhaps more than all else of the party, tended to make the Revolutions.

In the present day, the songs of another Parisian poet, Pierre Dupont, have a most remarkable power over the clubs of Paris, and bid fair to rival in fraternal influence the songs of “*le pauvre chansonnier*,” the lyrist of Passy, as he characterized himself when solicited to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, which he refused, saying that their poor song-writer would make but an indifferent legislator. He was conscious of the truth of Fletcher’s saying, and more conscious that he had brought about the supreme law which seated the Deputies of ’48. True genius is always conscious. Dupont, without Béranger’s originality of humor and conceits, equals, it is said, the old thunderer in political enthusiasm. The banqueting sa-

loons of the people echo his thoughts; the work-shops are made musically mad by his odes and chants; and during the existence of the clubs, his songs opened and closed the proceedings—the chorus bursting from excited clubbists as their profession of faith. His muse is ever busy, and we are told that often at a public meeting, at the conclusion of some revolutionary speech, Dupont would mount the tribune and read a new song, the child of inspiration breathed on the moment, and bred of the speech or circumstance occurring. One of his most powerful productions is entitled the “Marseillaise of Hunger.” One or two anecdotes of the influence of his songs will be read with interest. After the representation of a play called “*Misery*,” founded on an incident of the Irish famine, at the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, when the curtain went down the audience burst with one wild voice into his “Marseillaise of Hunger.” In the same theatre, during the performance of a piece on the “Downfall of Rome,” a person in the pit began the chorus of Dupont’s Soldier’s Song:

“Les peuples sont pour nous des frères,
Et les tyrans des ennemis.”

The whole house immediately joined in, and the play had to be stayed till the song was concluded. For the truth of these statements we can vouch, a gentleman long resident in Paris who was present at more such scenes than we have space to recount informing us.

It is an historical fact, that the verses entitled “Lilli burlero” awoke the people of England to resist the bigoted purposes of James the Second, and which popular movement only ended in the Revolution. Percy in his “*Reliques*,” introducing this rignarole, says: “Slight and insignificant as they (the verses) may now seem, they had once a more powerful effect than either the *Philippics* of Demosthenes or *Cicero*; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution of 1688.” Bishop Burnet says of the same rhymes: “A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, ‘Lero, lero, lilliburlero,’ that made an impression on the (King’s) army that cannot be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it per-

petually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect.”

Like “*Yankee Doodle*,” the “*Lilli burlero*” was once the distinctive mark and property of the party it afterwards annihilated. The *Marseillaise*, composed by De Lisle, a royalist officer, became the war ode, the rallying chant of the Revolutionists; vociferated itself hoarse like a mad parricide, round the scaffold of its parent, and went on instigating and making revolutions to our day. And under the rule of Robespierre, André Chénier died like a Girondin, one of his own songs making music at his murder. Oh, for a verity, eloquent Vergniaud, “the Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children.” As *Yankee Doodle* was taken from the British to beat them, so “*Lilli burlero*,” originally used as words of distinction by the “*Irish Papists* in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641,” was appropriated by the anti-Papist party to exorcise James and his followers. It was reprinted on the going of Tyrconnel as James’s viceroy to Ireland, in October, 1688. Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, was nominated to this station “on account of his being a furious Papist.” The ghosts of the massacred were before him, however, in the shape of this cant song, and its effects were miraculous.

The words are the merest trash, and with the exception of the two concluding rhymes, there is not a particle of point or humor in it. The effect seems to have been produced by the well-known refrain, which acted like a pass-word. The rhymes we allude to are these:

“Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lilli, &c.
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot’s de dog, and James is de ass,
Lilli,” &c.

In a note to the “*Reliques*,” we find this song attributed to Lord Wharton, in a quotation from a small pamphlet, entitled, “A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Q. Elizabeth’s Birthday,” &c., 3d Ed., Lond., 1712, pr. 2d. The extract is interesting; we quote it: “A late Viceroy, (of Ireland,) who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying,

and for making a certain *Lilliburlero song*; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."

A pleasing reminiscence of the power of song is recorded in the late Irish State Trials. Richard Dalton Williams, a poet of considerable genius, and one of the editors of the *Irish Tribune*, was prosecuted by the government for articles in that journal. His fellow-collaborator, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, had been sentenced to banishment for the publication of the same articles, the law making responsible all parties in whose name the journal was published. Affairs thus stood, and every person expected that as a matter of course Williams would share the fate of his friend, the offense being the same, and the like charges being made against both; when by a happy thought his counsel, Mr. Ferguson, himself a poet and editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, concluded his defense by reading to the jury one of the "Traitor's" most beautiful poems, the *Sister of Charity*, and appealing to them if the author of such, in their minds, was guilty of the charges made against him. Some of the ancient fealty and love of the Irish for their bards seemed to have been awakened in the breasts of the jury; the consideration which was denied to the patriot was awarded to the poet; and Williams, not the *traitor* but the *author* of the "*Sister of Charity*," was acquitted.

Bishop Lowth was of opinion that one song like the "Hymn of Harmodius" would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than all the Philippics of Cicero; and Lord Chatham has said, nearly in the same words as Fletcher, that "he would give the making of the laws for the making of the ballads of the people;" a maxim, the spirit of which, says O'Callaghan in his "Green Book," "was acted upon by his son, Mr. Pitt, when he bestowed a pension upon Dibdin, for the great services he was so justly deemed to have rendered, during the French War, as a naval Tyrtæus." It was the intention of the government of the day to have prohibited the publication of Moore's "Irish Melodies," as being dangerous. Unfortunately, though their circulation was unparalleled, they proved not so "dangerous" at home as elsewhere. These grand songs of Moore were translated into

Polish, and adopted by that gallant nation during their struggle for liberty. The effect of the songs written by Drennan, Orr, and one or two by John Sheares and Lysaght, on the Irish Insurrection of '98, are matters of history to that unfortunate island; and of late years the fact of the prosecution by government of some of the Young-Ireland lyrics has stamped their character for power, spirit, and "treason." The lyrical writings of Davis, De Jean, Mangan, Williams, and a number of "Young-Ireland" poets, more materially produced the rising of '48 than any other influence. The people of England and Ireland read them with eagerness; the American press reprinted them extensively; the English critics praised their spirit and glory, while they condemned and spoke of danger, and the Government accordingly prosecuted the party. Freiligrath was exiled for his revolutionary songs in Germany; and but a few months ago in Paris the performance of an opera (*Sappho*) by M. Gounot was stopped until certain stanzas of a song commencing,

"Tremblez, tyrans, forgers de chaînes," &c.,

were cut out, the Government dreading a political meaning.

We have given sufficient examples to prove the power of song, if any person doubted it. With a knowledge of the power thus invested, it ought to be the emulation of critics to receive nothing short of a true standard, and of song-writers, a profession most noble, to strive after the highest ideal of their vocation. In the opening part of this paper we have given our ideas on the subject of the *song perfect*, and adduced illustrations to prove our premises. We believe we are true in our idea of the Song, and satisfied that what we have suggested are at least the principles which should actuate song-writers in the composition of such works. This country is most essentially lyrical. The rapidity of progress, the *fastness*, so to speak, of our people, the spontaneity of ideas, earnestness of character, and suggestiveness in action and invention, make song a necessary vehicle to convey back to the people their characteristics. It should reflect the people, taking them at their highest standard, strong, generous, and sympathetic—witty, earnest, and national. Such songs, if written, will live, and mark the nation as distinctively as the

productions of the European lyrists their countries. Moore and Davis; Burns and Tannahill; Béranger and Dupont, are as national to their lands, as characteristic, and involve as much real glory, as Charlemagne or Napoleon, Bruce or Wallace, Brian Boroihme or Hugh O'Neill. In fact, Scotland, France, and Ireland seem to be the especial lands of Song. The earnestness of the Scotch, the vivacity of the French, the wit and humor of the Irish, and the nationality of all, mark them out especially for this species of composition. America has elements of glory within the century as great as all the past of these countries, and why not have her songs? She has true liberty, which none of those people enjoy, and which should be the truest inspiration; yet she has no thorough songs of the land—AMERICAN. For the most part, what songs have been written in America, for all the national tone or national suggestiveness they embody, might as well have been written in Japan, Central Africa, the Tongo Islands, or any other hole and corner of the globe whither a missionary speaking the English language has vamoused with "red shirts and religious tracts" to enlighten juvenile hole-and-cornerers. Epes Sargent has written some good stirring songs, characterized by energy, melody, and spirit, sea subjects more particularly. The following stanza from a poem addressed to the *American Flag* by William Ross Wallace, is well worthy of the theme and the poet. It is very eloquent, and possesses a fervor rarely met with in our so-called national poetry:—

"Clime of the Valiant and the Tried!
Where MARION fought and WARREN died,
Where MONMOUTH still to GUILFORD calls,
And Valor walks through VERNON's halls,
While Honor muses in the gloom
And glory of the Hero's tomb,
Or chants that grand old lay she made
Accordant with the dark blue seas,
That murmur mild where Freedom laid
Her lion-soul'd MILITIADES:

Land of the Forest and the Glen!
Thou hardy nurse of hardy men!
Land of the Mountain and the Lake!
Of rivers rolled from sea to sea,
In that broad grandeur fit to make
The symbols of Eternity!
O fairest clime! O dearest land!
Who shall your banded children sever!
God of our Fathers! here we stand
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked to hand—
And swear, 'The Union lives for ever!'"

F. S. Keys' national song, "The Star-spangled Banner," is a bold and spirited performance, and is one of the few we can call *national*. Rodman Drake's "American Flag" is national, less bold and more finished, but does not agree with our idea of a song so well as Keys' direct and suggestive stanzas. Mr. Dunn English's "Ben Bolt" is a happy effusion. Pinckney's

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,"

is beautiful, and Howard Payne's "Home, sweet Home" is world-wide; yet these are too few to build a nation's song-character upon.

Through Longfellow's volume may be found some beautiful songs, but they are not national; and Bryant, though he has written some noble (though rather monotonous) poems, and breathed in them a true love of nature and an appreciation of American scenery, does not reflect the people, nor has he given them any thing to chant in a charge, or by which a wandering American could be distinguished in a distant part of the world, if on his lonely way he chanted one of his lyrics. Some of the poets we have alluded to have written in the same language as Bryant, but who from pole to pole could fail to remark the distinctive nationality, and give to the poet his birth-place by hearing one of his stanzas lilted?

J. S.

SANTA-ROSA.

Among the later productions of M. Victor Cousin, "the greatest philosopher of France,"* is the following biographical sketch of Santa-Rosa. We are not aware that it has before been translated. The narrative, in the form of a letter addressed to the Prince De La Cisterna in 1838, possesses the interest of a heroic romance. Every American reader will thank us for introducing to his acquaintance one of nature's noblemen, struggling, suffering, dying for the cause of liberty and humanity, in the midst of the monarchical institutions of Europe; that Europe which has been for centuries, and will be for some time to come, the battle-field of contending principles. The style of the narrative is surpassingly beautiful. "Of all nations in the world," says Morell,† "the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style. . . . The lovers of lighter literature will see his style in all its purity in some of the later fragments, such as the biography of Santa-Rosa, &c." O. W. W.

TO THE PRINCE DE LA CISTERNA:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Time has nearly obliterated the memory of the short Piedmontese revolution of 1821, and that of the personage who played in that revolution the principal part. This oblivion has nothing in it unjust. In order to endure in the memory of men, one must have done things which endure. It is not only through weakness, as it is supposed, that men adore success; it is in their eyes the symbol of the greatest virtues of the soul, and of the first of all,—I mean that strong sagacity which engages in no enterprise without having weighed all its chances, and without having been assured that it contains nothing which could render constancy and energy in vain. The most brilliant courage against the impossible touches but little, and the most heroic sacrifices lose in some sort their value in the service of imprudence. Without doubt, the Piedmontese revolution was above all a military movement, destined to arrest Austria at the moment when she was going to cross the Po, to stifle the Neapolitan Parliament, and to rule Italy. The great fault of the chiefs of this military movement is that they put on their banner, by an ill-understood condescension, the device of an excessive and foreign liberalism, the inevitable effect of which was to create divisions, to disaffect the nobility, in whom resided fortune and power, and to shake allegiance to government. And then, the success of a contest of arms on the part of the house of Savoy against

Austria depended upon two conditions: 1st. That France, if she did not openly sustain Piedmont, should not oppose it, and should even secretly serve it; 2d. That the Neapolitan army should hold out in its resistance at least several months. Now, these two conditions were necessarily wanting. In 1821, the French government already inclined to the fatal re-action which soon terminated in the ministry of M. Villèle, and later in the ordinances of July; and every one in Piedmont who had any military experience knew that it was chimerical to count upon the Neapolitan army.

The Piedmontese revolution therefore was condemned to fail. It did great harm in that small country, which owes every thing to sagacity combined with audacity, and which can be enlarged in size and increased in importance only by the same means which for three centuries have made it what it has become. Placed between Austria and France, the house of Savoy has been elevated only by serving in turn one against the other, and by never having but a single enemy at a time. The Piedmontese monarchy is the work of political management; political management alone can maintain it. It came near being destroyed in the revolution of 1821. A respected King abdicating the throne; the heir of the throne compromised, and almost a prisoner; the flower of the nobility exiled; the first commander of Italy, the pride and the hope of the army, General Giffenga, disgraced for ever; you, my dear

* Sir Wm. Hamilton, dedication of his edition of Reid to Cousin.

† Edinburgh Review, April, 1851, p. 232.

friend, destined by your birth, your fortune, and above all by your character and your genius, to represent Piedmont so usefully at Paris or London, condemned to inaction for your whole life perhaps; officers like Saint Marsan, Lisio, and Collegni reduced to the necessity of breaking their swords; finally, he who surpassed you all,—permit me to say it,—he whose heroic soul better directed, and whose superior talent ripened by experience, would have been able to give to his native Piedmont and to the house of Savoy the minister most capable of guiding her destinies, M. de Santa-Rosa, proscribed, wandering in Europe, and going to die in Greece in a contest hardly worthy of him: such are the bitter fruits of an enterprise at once most noble and most imprudent.

Europe scarcely remembers that there was a liberal movement in Piedmont in 1821. Those who have the instinct of the beautiful distinguished in that passing report certain words which revealed a great soul. The name of Santa-Rosa resounded for a moment; a little later, that name reappeared in the affairs of Greece, and it was learned that the same man who had shown a shadow of greatness in his short dictatorship of 1821, had bravely died in 1825, while defending the isle of Sphacteria against the Egyptian army; then ensued a profound silence, an eternal silence, and the memory of Santa-Rosa lives only in a few souls scattered at Turin, at Paris, and at London.

I am one of these. My relations with Santa-Rosa were very brief, but intimate. More than once I have been tempted to write his life, that life half romantic, half heroic; but I have renounced that project. I am not about to dispute with oblivion the name of a man who failed of his destiny; but several persons, and you in particular, who take a pious interest in his memory, have often asked me to recount by what adventure I, a Professor of Philosophy, an entire stranger to the events of Piedmont, happened to be so intimately connected with the chief of the Piedmontese revolution, and what were my true relations with your dear and unfortunate compatriot. I am about to do that which you desire. I shall abstain from all general, political, and philosophical considerations. My subject shall be only Santa-Rosa and myself. This is not a historical composition; it is a simple home picture, traced for some faithful friends, to

awaken certain sympathies, to recall certain memories, and to serve as a text for certain sad conversations in a circle narrowed day by day. The public, I know, is indifferent, and ought to be, to these entirely domestic details between two men, of whom one has been long since forgotten, and the other soon shall be forgotten; but in this long malady which consumes me, and in the sombre inaction to which it condemns me, I find a melancholy charm in reverting to those days for ever vanished. I love to bind my languishing life to that animated episode of my youth. I evoke for a moment before me the shade of my friend, ere I go to rejoin him. Sad pages, written thus to speak between two tombs, and destined to die in your hands!*

In the month of October, 1821, suspended from my functions as Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy in the *Faculté des Lettres*, and menaced in my teaching of the Normal School, which itself was soon after suppressed; confined in an humble retreat situated by the side of the garden of the Luxembourg, I had been, as an addition to my misfortune, in the course of unrelaxed toil upon the unedited manuscripts of Proclus, violently attacked with that affection of the chest which during all my youth frightened my family and my friends. I was almost in the condition in which you see me to-day. I know not how at that time there fell into my hands a pamphlet entitled "The Piedmontese Revolution," having for an epigraph this verse from Alfieri: "Sta la forza per lui, per me sta il vero." My journey in Italy during the summer and autumn of 1820, my attachment to the cause of European liberty, the report of the lost affairs of Piedmont and Naples, naturally interested me in that production; and although sick, shunning every lively emotion, especially every political emotion, I read that pamphlet as one would read a romance, without searching in it for any thing else than a diversion for my *ennui* and the spectacle of human passions. In fact, I found a true hero of romance in the avowed chief of that revolution, the Count de Santa-Rosa. That man so ruled the events of those thirty days, that he alone engaged my attention. I saw him at first, a partisan of the English parliamentary

* The public is deciding otherwise, and these pages shall die only with French literature.—Ed.

system, demanding for his country only a constitutional government, two chambers, even a hereditary peerage; and then, when the fatal example of the Neapolitans and the adoption of the Spanish constitution had carried away all minds, no longer occupying himself except with a single thing, the military direction of the revolution, and, borne by circumstances to a veritable dictatorship, displaying an energy that his enemies themselves admired, without losing for a single moment that spirit of chivalrous moderation so rare in times of revolution. I still recollect and wish to reproduce here the order of the day which he published March 23, 1821, at the very moment when the constitutional cause seemed to be despaired of:—

"Charles-Albert of Savoy, Prince of Carignan, invested by his Majesty Victor-Emanuel with the authority of regent, has named me, by his decree of the 23d of this month, regent of the ministry of the army and the navy.

"I am, therefore, a legitimately constituted authority, and it is my duty, in the terrible circumstances in which the country is found, to let my companions in arms hear the voice of a subject, affectionate to his King and a loyal Piedmontese.

"The Prince Regent abandoned the capital during the night of the 21st and 22d of this month, without notifying the National Junta or his ministers.

"Let no Piedmontese accuse the intentions of a Prince whose liberal heart, whose devotion to the Italian cause, have thus far been the hope of all well-disposed people. A small number of men, deserters of their country and servants of Austria, have without doubt deceived, by an odious tissue of falsehoods, a young Prince who has not the experience of stormy times.

"A declaration, signed by the King Charles-Felix, has appeared in Piedmont; but a Piedmontese King in the midst of Austrians, our unavoidable enemies, is a captive King; nothing that he says can or ought to be regarded as coming from him. Let him speak to us on a free soil, and then we will prove to him that we are his children.

"Piedmontese soldiers, national guards! do you desire civil war? Do you desire the invasion of strangers, the devastation of your plains, the conflagration and the pillage of your cities and your villages? Do you wish to lose your glory, to soil your ensigns? Go on then. Can armed Piedmontese rise up against Piedmontese? Can the breasts of brothers strike against the breasts of brothers?

"Commanders of corps, officers, sub-officers, and soldiers! there is no longer any means of safety. Rally to your colors, surround them, seize them, and run to plant them on the banks of the Tevere and the Po. The country of the Lombards awaits you, that territory which will devour its enemies at the sight of your van-guard. Wee to him whom different opinions upon the institutions of

his country should separate from this necessary resolution! he would not deserve to conduct Piedmontese soldiers; he would not merit the honor of bearing the Piedmontese name.

"Companions in arms! this epoch is European. We are not abandoned. France lifts up her head, too much humiliated beneath the yoke of the Austrian cabinet; she is about to extend to you a powerful hand.

"Soldiers and national guards! extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary resolutions. If you hesitate, country, honor, all are lost. Think of these things, and do your duty; the Junta and ministers will do theirs. Your energy will give back to Charles-Albert his first courage, and the King Charles-Felix will one day thank you for having preserved for him his throne."

Finally, when every thing was lost, Santa-Rosa negotiated a general peace with the Count de Mocenigo, Minister of Russia at the court of Turin, on condition of an amnesty and some internal ameliorations; offering on this condition to renounce the amnesty for himself and the other constitutional chiefs, and to submit to banishment, the better to secure the peace and happiness of the country.

This noble conduct struck me forcibly, and for some days I repeated to all my friends: "Gentlemen, there was a man at Turin." My admiration redoubled when I learned that the hero of this production was also its author. I could not restrain a feeling of respect, at seeing in the defender of an unfortunate revolution that absence of all party spirit, that magnanimous loyalty which does justice to all intentions, and in the most poignant sorrows of exile gives way to no unjust recriminations, no bitter feelings. Enthusiasm in a noble cause, carried even to sacrifice, and at the same time a moderation full of dignity, to say nothing of the rare talent displayed on every page of this work, exhibited in my eyes one of those beautiful characters, a hundred times more interesting than the two revolutions of Naples and of Piedmont; for if philosophy in me seeks, in contemporaneous events, the movement of eternal principles and their visible manifestations, so man does not with less ardor seek humanity in human things. And what feature of human character is more admirable than the union of moderation and energy? This ideal of which I had so often dreamed seemed presented to me in Santa-Rosa. I was told that he was in Paris. I longed to know him, and a friend whom I had made in

Italy brought him one morning to my chamber. I had just been spitting blood, and the first words I said to him were these: "Sir, you are the only man whom I can, in my condition, desire yet to know." How many times since have we recalled this first interview,—I dying, he condemned to death, concealed under a feigned name, without resources, and almost without bread! Omitting the details of our conversation, it will be sufficient to say that I found still more than I had expected. In his look, his gait, in all his words, I easily recognized the fire and energy of the author of the proclamation of the 23d of March; and at the same time my feeble health seemed to inspire him with an affectionate compassion, expressed each moment by the most amiable cares. Seeing my critical situation, he forgot himself and thought only of me. Our long conversation, of which he bore the burden, having left me agitated and feeble, he returned in the evening to inquire about me. The next morning he came again, and so the morning after; and at the expiration of a few days, we felt as if we had passed our lives together. The name which he had taken was that of Conti. He lodged near me, in the street *Francs-Bourgeois-Saint-Michel*, opposite the street *Racine*, in a furnished attic chamber with a friend from Turin, who had voluntarily left his country to follow him, although he had taken no part in the revolution, and was in no wise compromised by it.

Who then is this man, with whom one can prefer exile to the sweets of country and of family? It is impossible to express the charm of his society. To me, this charm, I repeat, was in the union of strength and kindness. I saw him always ready, at the least ray of hope, to engage in the most perilous enterprises, and I found him happy too in passing his life obscurely by the bedside of a suffering friend. His heart was an inexhaustible store of affectionate sentiment. To every one he was good, even to tenderness. Did he encounter any unfortunate person in the street? he shared with him the farthing of the poor. Was his poor old hostess sick? he took care of her as if she had been a member of his own family. Did any one need his counsel? he lavished it, like every thing else, with an irresistible instinct, of which he seemed scarcely conscious. It was this that rendered it im-

possible to know him without loving him. I doubt whether any human creature, even a woman, could have been loved as well. He had at Turin a friend, to whom he was able to confide his wife and children, and another had accompanied him in his exile. Behold in this a striking proof of the sentiment which he inspired. At an early age he was attached to the regiment of his father in the service of the army of the Alps. Here a young man of his own country had been given him as a comrade. Having left the army at Piedmont, this young man lost sight of his youthful master; but a deep remembrance of him never left his heart. One day the noble Count, lying in his wretched garret in the street *Francs-Bourgeois*, saw suddenly standing before him the poor Bossi, then a coffee-house keeper of Paris. Bossi had learned by the public journals the adventures of his young officer, and could take no rest until he had discovered his abode and offered to him his scanty savings. How many times, after this, while repairing to the prison of Santa-Rosa, have I found, at the door of the *Salle Saint-Martin*, Bossi or his wife with a basket of fruits, waiting whole hours for an opportunity to glide in with me and place their offering before the prisoner, with the respect of an old servant and the tenderness of a true friend.

From the end of October, 1821, until the 1st of January, 1822, we lived together in the sweetest and most profound intimacy. During the whole day, until five or six o'clock in the evening, he remained in his little room in the street of the *Francs-Bourgeois*, occupied in reading and preparing a work on the constitutional governments of the nineteenth century. After dinner, night approaching, he left his cell, reached the street *d'Enfer*, where I resided, and spent the evening with me until eleven or twelve o'clock. I too had arranged my mode of life somewhat like his. I passed the day in taking medicine and in studying Plato; at evening I closed my books and received my friends. Santa-Rosa had a passion for conversation, and he talked wonderfully; but I was so languid and so feeble that I could not support the energy of his words. They produced fever and nervous excitement, which terminated in prostration and faintness. Then the energetic man gave place to the most affectionate creature. How many nights has he spent at my bed-side

with my old nurse! As soon as I felt relieved, he would cast himself, all dressed, upon a sofa, and, by the aid of a good conscience and incomparable health, sleep, despite all sorrow, till the break of day.

I must here sketch his portrait. Santa-Rosa was about forty years of age. He was of medium stature, about five feet two inches. His head was large, his forehead bald, lips and nose somewhat prominent, and he usually wore spectacles. There was nothing elegant in his manners; his tone was strong and manly, and his forms of expression were infinitely polished. He was far from being handsome; but his face, when it was animated,—and it was always animated,—had something so passionate, that it became interesting. What was most remarkable in him, was an extraordinary strength of body. Neither large nor small, neither fat nor lean, he was in vigor and agility a veritable lion. If he forgot himself in the least, he no longer walked, he bounded. He had muscles of steel, and his hand was a vise in which he could hold the strongest. I have seen him lift, almost without effort, the heaviest tables. He was capable of enduring the longest fatigues, and seemed born for the labors of war. Of this occupation he was passionately fond. He had been a captain of grenadiers, and no one had received from nature more of those physical and moral qualities which make the true soldier. His manner was animated, but serious. His whole person and his very aspect gave the idea of force.

I have never seen a more touching spectacle than that of this man, so strong, who had so much need of air to expand his chest, movement for the exercise of robust limbs and inexhaustible activity, metamorphosing himself into a true Sister of Charity, now silent, now gay, restraining his words and almost his breath, that he might not disturb the frail creature in whom he was so interested. The gentleness of the weak affords little that is seductive, for we may say that it is perhaps mere weakness; but the tenderness of strength has a charm almost divine.

We held in fact the same opinions, and he contributed not a little to strengthen me in my convictions. Like myself, he was profoundly constitutional, neither servile nor democratic, without envy, and without insolence. He had no ambition either of for-

tune or of rank, and was indifferent to material well-being; but he was ambitious of glory. So, in morality he sincerely cherished virtue; he made duty a matter of religion, but he also felt the need of loving, and of being loved, and love or tender friendship was necessary for his heart. As to religion, he passed in Italy for a man of great piety, and in fact he was full of respect for Christianity, which he had carefully studied. He was even somewhat of a theologian. He told me that in Switzerland he argued against the Protestant theologians, and defended Catholicism; but his faith was not that of Mazoni, and I have discovered little more at the bottom of his heart than the faith of the Savoyard vicar. Greedy of knowledge, besides, attaching every thing to politics, he devoured in my books whatever belonged to morality and practice. Although liberal, or rather because he was truly so, he dreaded the influence of pretended liberal declamations; and observing the decline of religious faith in European society, he felt the want of a noble and elevated moral philosophy. He possessed naturally good metaphysical powers, with a generous and well cultivated mind. No one in the world has so much encouraged and sustained me in my philosophical career. My designs became his own, and if he had remained in France, he would have given to the cause of philosophy in its moral and political applications another excellent writer, a firm, elevated, and persuasive organ.

His mind doubtless was not that of a man of letters, nor of a philosopher, but of a military man and of a politician. That mind was correct and upright like his heart. He detested paradoxes, and in grave matters, the expression of hazardous, arbitrary, personal opinions, inspired him with deep repugnance. He chided me often in regard to some of my own opinions, and led me continually from the narrow and dangerous paths of personal theories to the great road of common sense and universal consciousness. He had neither breadth nor originality of thought, but he felt with depth and energy, and expressed himself, spoke and wrote with gravity and with emotion. His work on the Piedmontese Revolution has in it some truly beautiful pages; and that was his first effort! What would he not have done had he lived?

In politics, this pretended revolutionist

possessed so much moderation that, if he had been in France in the Chamber of Deputies, at this period, the close of 1821, he would have been seated between M. Roger-Collard and M. Lainé. My friends and I were at that time badly treated by the Ministry of M. de Richelieu, and we were not always just towards him. Santa-Rosa, with his accustomed gravity, rebuked my sudden outburst of passion, and was astonished at those of my more prudent friends. I remember that one evening being at my house with M. Hermann and M. Roger-Collard, he took part in a serious conversation, in regard to what was necessary to be done under present circumstances, —whether the Richelieu Ministry, defended by M. Pasquier, M. Lainé, and M. Desolles, should be permitted to exist, or whether it should be destroyed by an alliance with the right side, led by MM. Corbière and Villèle. M. Roger-Collard thought that if MM. Corbière and Villèle came to power, they would not possess it six months; and, the Richelieu Ministry overturned, he saw, following MM. Villèle and Corbière, the prompt triumph of the liberal cause. This was a very seductive perspective for a proscribed man like Santa-Rosa. In six months, after the reign of a violent and ephemeral power, a liberal Ministry, which had at least softened the exile of the Piedmontese refugees in drawing me and my friends from disgrace, would open to Santa-Rosa a future in France! With what respect did I hear the noble outlaw invite me to oppose with all my strength a party intrigue which he severely reprehended. "Take no thought of me," said he; "I shall do what I am best able. You, you must do your duty: your duty as a good citizen is not to combat a Ministry which is your last resource against a faction hostile to all progress and all light! It is not lawful to do evil that good may come. You are not sure of overturning at last MM. Corbière and Villèle, and you are sure of doing evil by delivering power into their hands. As for me, if I were a deputy, I would try to strengthen the Richelieu Ministry against the Court and the right side." My opinion was the same as that of Santa-Rosa. It did not prevail, and on that day a fault was committed which for seven years weighed heavily on France. The Richelieu Ministry was overthrown; MM. Corbière and Villèle attained to power, and they remained in it until 1827.

Evil days came upon France. When the Ministry of M. Villèle had replaced that of M. de Richelieu, the faction which possessed power, whilst it attacked in France, one by one, every liberty and every security, united more and more closely its foreign alliance, and the Governments of Piedmont and of France leagued together to pursue and torment the refugees. They were in Paris under feigned names, and in general they lived tranquil and retired. The new police, directed by MM. Franchet and de Laveau, sought religiously to satisfy the resentments and the fears of the Court of Turin. Instead of watching, which was its duty and its right, it persecuted. Santa-Rosa received warning that the police was upon his track, and that he would be arrested. Once arrested, he might be delivered up to Piedmont, and the sentence of death pronounced against him, and his friends might be executed. I thought that the first storm should be permitted to pass over, and contrived for Santa-Rosa a retreat at Arcueil, in the country house of one of my friends, M. Viguer. Here we both established ourselves, and lived together during the first months of 1822, scarcely ever receiving a visit, and never venturing beyond the inclosure of the garden. I continued my translation of Plato; he, his researches into constitutional governments. It was there, in our long winter evenings' conversations, that Santa-Rosa related to me his exterior and interior life, and the perfect truth, and, if it may be thus expressed, the face of the cards, of the Piedmontese revolution.

He was born on the 18th of November, 1782, at Savigliano, a city of southern Piedmont, of a good family, but whose nobility was of recent date. His father, the Count of Santa-Rosa, was a military man, who fought the first battles of Piedmont against the French Revolution, and carried with him to the army his son Sanctorre, then between nine and ten years of age. If the father had lived, the career of the son would have been decided; but the Count de Santa-Rosa was killed at the battle of Mondovi, at the head of the regiment of Sardinia, of which he was Colonel; and not long after, the victories of Napoleon and the submission of Piedmont put an end to the military career of young Sanctorre. He retired to his family at Savigliano, and, partly in this city and partly in Turin, made, under the

celebrated Abby Valsperga de Caluso, great proficiency in classic studies, with several fellow-disciples, since well known in letters. The name of his family was so respected in his province, and he himself bore it so well, that at the age of twenty-four years he was elected by his fellow-citizens Mayor of Savigliano, and passed several years of his youth in the exercise of this office, wherein he acquired skill in civil affairs. But this was not a career for a man without fortune. He was then persuaded, despite his disinclination, to enter into the French administration, which at that time governed Piedmont: he was made sub-prefect of Spezzia in the State of Genoa, and he performed these functions during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, up to the Restoration. Santa-Rosa hailed with enthusiasm the return of the house of Savoy; and in 1815, believing that the arrival of Napoleon at Paris during the hundred days would bring about a long war, he left the civil for the military service, and made the very short campaign of 1815, as a Captain in the grenadiers of the royal guard. General repose having succeeded the fall of Napoleon, he once more left the career of arms, for one in which his civil and military knowledge were happily combined, that of the administration of military affairs. He entered the Ministry of War, and was charged with very responsible duties. It was then, I believe, that he married a young person who was able to boast more of birth than fortune. By this marriage he had several children. He was in high estimation, favored at court, and destined to a brilliant career, when the Neapolitan revolution broke out; a revolution which Austria undertook violently to suppress, thus openly affecting the domination of Italy.

I ought to impose upon myself a religious silence in regard to the confidential matters which the friendship of Santa-Rosa committed to me, but I may, I ought to say one thing: that in the profound solitude in which we lived, speaking to a friend whose political opinions were as well defined as his own, Santa-Rosa assured me twenty times that his friends and he had connection with secret societies only at a very late period, at the last extremity, when it was demonstrated that the Piedmontese government was without force sufficient to resist Austria; that a military movement would be powerless if it depended on a civil

movement; and that for a civil movement the concurrence of secret societies would be indispensable. He deplored this necessity, and he accused the nobility and the Piedmontese proprietors (*gli possidenti*) of having destroyed both the country and themselves by not performing their duty, by not boldly warning the King of the perils of Piedmont, and by forcing patriotism to have recourse to secret plots. His loyalty disdained all mystery; and without confessing the fact, I saw that his chivalry experienced a sort of inward shame at having been driven little by little to this extremity. He continually repeated to me: "Secret societies are the pest of Italy; but how can we dispense with them, when there is no publicity, no legal means of expressing one's opinion with impunity?" He told me that for a long time he resolved not to participate with any secret society, to abstain from all action, and to limit himself to great moral and political publications, capable of influencing opinion and regenerating Italy. This is what he called a literary conspiracy. Certainly it would have been more useful than the sad contest of 1821. His fancy was to recommence this literary conspiracy from the midst of France. His consolation was that he had never done any thing for himself, and that he had only thought of his country. His clear conscience and natural energy, united, secured to him, in our solitude of Arcueil, a tranquil and almost happy life.

My bad health and his imprudent friendship, together with the baseness of the French police, tore him from his solitude and ruined him for ever. If he had remained with me, he might have reshaped his destiny; he might have passed the whole period of the Restoration in honorable labors, which would have given glory to his name; he might have reached the revolution of July, and then could have chosen either to re-enter Piedmont as did MM. de Saint-Marsan and Lisio, or enter, like M. de Collegno, into the service of France; and in this case an immense career would have been before him, if, at the same time, this proud mind, disdainful of good as well as bad fortune, had ever been able to consent to have any other country than that which he had wished to serve, and which his misfortunes themselves had rendered more dear and more sacred. Alas! all this future was destroyed in a single day. One day the

condition of my lungs so frightened Santa-Rosa, that he conjured me to seek help in Paris. I yielded; I returned to the Luxembourg. Santa-Rosa, uneasy, could not remain at Arcueil, and in the evening I saw him appear at the side of my bed. Instead of staying with me, he desired to pass the night in his old lodging; and before going there he had the imprudence to enter a coffee-house in the Place de l'Odeon, for the purpose of reading the journals. Scarcely had he left the house when he was seized by seven or eight agents of the police, thrown on the ground, conducted to the Prefect, and cast into prison. It appears that he had been recognized at the barrier where some time before he had been described.

During the same night of his arrest, he was interrogated by the Prefect of Police. From the moment of this first interrogatory, Santa-Rosa acknowledged his true name, and expressed those sentiments which had made a lively impression upon the fanatical but honest M. de Laveau. He repelled with indignation the accusation of having engaged in machinations against the French Government; he declared that he was absolutely a stranger to all that was passing in France, and that his only and involuntary crime was in being at Paris under another name than his own. Having been interrogated in regard to his connections in Paris, he named me as the only friend he had. He asked as a favor that I should not be brought into this affair, and that I might be spared a visit which might be fatal to my health, offering himself all the information which might be demanded, and even the most severe reparation, rather than expose him who had given him hospitality. The sentence of extradition having been pronounced, Santa-Rosa seemed to accept his fate with that simple pride which never fails of its effect. He seemed uneasy only on a single point, the consequences which this affair might have upon my health.

Whilst this was passing at the prefecture of police, I was in my bed, covered with leeches, and in the most deplorable condition. The following day, between four and five o'clock in the morning, I heard a loud knock at my door, and suddenly five or six gendarmes rushed into my room, having at their head a commissary of police, who, showing his scarf, signified to me, in the name of the King, that he had orders to

make strict search among my papers. I did not know what all this meant, and it was only at the end of the examination, the result of which was to discover to them some notes on Proclus and on Plato, that the commissary informed me that I had been searched on account of Santa-Rosa, who had been arrested the evening before on leaving my house. Struck by this intelligence as with a thunder-bolt, I transported myself immediately to the house of M. de Laveau, and demanded of him why, if he accused of conspiracy against the French Government a man who knew no other person than myself at Paris, he had not placed me under the same arrest; or, if he dared not also to accuse me of conspiracy, why he complained of a man who could have done nothing except through me and with me. If it was not in fact a question of conspiracy against France, I showed him what a lack of magnanimity there was in pursuing a proscribed person, because he was under another name than his own, when moreover this proscribed person was a gallant man, and inoffensive in his life; and I asked to see Santa-Rosa at once. M. de Laveau was a party-man like M. Franchet; he was of a narrow and suspicious mind, but he was an honest man. He had just interrogated Santa-Rosa a second time; he had just read the report of the commissary of police on the results of the search made at my house, and was beginning to feel that the accusation of conspiracy against the French Government was deprived of all foundation. My visit, by proving to him that we were not afraid, and that we did not fear a trial, was sufficient to persuade him. At the same time he thought that he must still affect some doubt, and announced to me that the trial would take place. I demanded to appear in it as evidence, and a few days after I was summoned before the magistrate, M. Debelleyne, since Prefect of Police, and now member of the Chamber of Deputies. The examination was short and minute. M. Debelleyne displayed impartiality and perfect moderation. He conceived, in regard to the prisoner, a just idea of his morality, and always spoke to me of him with respect and benevolence. This ridiculous process terminated in an ordinance declaring that there was no cause of action on the ground of conspiracy, the only one which had occasioned the arrest. As to the affair

of the passport under a false name, the crime of the prisoner was acknowledged, but in terms most honorable to himself. Mention was made of his loyalty, and of the frankness of his avowals. This ordinance of "no cause of action" was not made until the expiration of two months, and during all this time poor Santa-Rosa remained a prisoner at the prefecture of police in one of the rooms of the Salle Saint-Martin. The first days of the arrest having passed, I obtained permission to visit him every day, and some others afterwards obtained the same permission. It was then that I learned still better to know the character and the mind of Santa-Rosa.

At the first moment he had two fears: the first was that of being delivered up to Piedmont, that is, to the scaffold; the second, that the excitement of all this affair and the visit of the police might be sad to my health, perhaps even fatal to me. When he saw me enter his prison in apparently better health than usual, his serenity of mind returned to him, and during the two months that he remained in the Salle Saint-Martin I did not hear him complain either of his fate or of any one around him. He prepared himself to die well, if delivered up to Piedmont, and read no longer any thing but his Bible. Afterwards, when this fear was removed, his attention was directed to the details of the proceedings against him. He was touched by the regard testified for him, and penetrated with respect for the excellence of the French law, and for the independence of the magistracy. Santa-Rosa should have been seen in his prison. It was a very good room, airy, salubrious; he was in no bad condition, and enjoyed himself wonderfully. The jailor, who had long followed his occupation, and who had acquired some knowledge of men, soon saw with whom he had to deal, and did not treat him as an ordinary prisoner. He always called him *Monsieur le Comte*, and this was not displeasing to Santa-Rosa, who spoke to him with kindness, and concluded by so far securing his affections that this jailor seemed entirely like an old servant of his house. Santa-Rosa was informed by him as to his fortune, his family, his children. The other consulted him. Santa-Rosa gave his advice with mildness, but with authority. One would have said that he was again at Savigliano in his

mayorality, speaking to one of his employees. When he left the prison the jailor told me he was losing a great deal. It was so in my own house. My nurse loved him more than she loved me; and even now, after the lapse of twenty years, she speaks of him only with the utmost tenderness. It was in this prison that I met Santa-Rosa's old servant in the army of the Alps, Bossi, a bad head and a good heart, who knew not how to manage his affairs, but who would have willingly given all that he had to his old master. It is needless to say that these two months, during which we passed two or three hours of each day together in the Salle Saint-Martin, united us more and more closely.

It seems, after the ordinance of "no cause of action" rendered by the magistrate, M. Debelleyne, that the result of that affair ought to have been at least to leave Santa-Rosa tranquil at Paris. Such was not the case. At first there was a primary arrest by the police. It was necessary that the royal court should interpose, and formally pronounce a dismissal, if no other cause of arrest should be met with. Through the police of M. Corbière, opposition was made even to the execution of the second judgment; and after Santa-Rosa had been justly declared out of the reach of further arrest, and consequently free, M. Corbière, by ministerial interference, decided that M. de Santa-Rosa and several of his compatriots, arrested in the same manner as he, should be consigned to some province under the surveillance of the police. Alençon was the prison, somewhat larger than the Salle Saint-Martin, to which Santa-Rosa was condemned by the Minister of the Interior and of the Police. That shameless and wicked act towards a man evidently inoffensive, and who was able to find consolation only at Paris, in the company of a friend whose liberal opinions and very tranquil life (since that life was nearly all passed in his bed) were known,—that act which destroyed Santa-Rosa in separating him from Paris and from me, caused him, by its useless rigor, a real irritation. He protested, demanded permission to remain at Paris, or passports for England. No answer was given him, and he was transferred to Alençon.

Here are portions of some of his letters from Alençon, which make known to us the

life which he led there, his sentiments and his labors:—

"ALENÇON, May 19, 1822.

"We arrived yesterday at Alençon. The orders of the Minister subject us to the surveillance of the local authority, and this surveillance will be exercised in the following manner: Every day, at the hour of two, we must present ourselves to the Mayor, and enter our names in his register; that is all. I have declared very calmly, very simply, but in terms very clear and very significant, my position to the Mayor. He had no good reasons to give me for all this, and I demanded none of him either good or bad. The intercourse, too, was not very animated, but it was polite, which did not hinder it from being sufficiently interesting to your good-natured friend. Besides, I love the Mayors, and for a reason. One of them is a good old man, with a feeble, pleasant voice. His colleague, whose name ends in *ière*, and who walks as straight as an *i*, did not receive us so well. I have promised myself that if I ever become again ruler of my dear city, I will guard myself from giving unpleasant moments to the poor devils who shall be brought to me. I am going to live the life of a hermit; that will console me for being no longer in my prison of Paris. The indignation which the injustice that I experience causes me has not diminished, but I shall not let it trouble my repose. This is enough to say about myself. I am coming to a subject that I cannot quit. You think you are really better than in November last; this better ought to give you a beginning of courage, because it is a beginning of hope. Reflect a little on the pleasure, the vivid, the inconceivable pleasure of becoming again yourself, and on the pleasure I shall feel to see you in the full possession of your power of thought and action."

"ALENÇON, June 2.

"I am lodged, my dear friend, in the street *aux Cieux*, in the house of M. Chopelain, an upholsterer. I have two chambers sufficiently large, and convenient enough; but a sorry view upon the street, and upon a small ugly court, has replaced the lake, the Alps, Vevey and Clarens, which I had under my window a year ago. I wished yesterday to see the environs. I found the stagnant Sarthe and some quite fertile fields. By dint of search I found a little shade in an arbor of apple-trees. The city is very badly built; it has a passable public garden, and quite a number of comfortable landlords. To judge by certain vague indications, the Alençonnians are very good people, somewhat curious, but very innocently so. I do not believe them to be litigants, Normands as they are, for their courthouse is only half constructed. The cathedral is large, with painted windows; but the interior is half Gothic and half bad Greek. I heard a priest there preaching to some children. He cried loud enough, but I did not understand one word of his beautiful discourse: it was nevertheless in French, but delivered according to the custom of Normandy.

"I am enamored of Paris; there is a good portion of myself in that city which I always wished to hate, and have ended by falling in love with.

"I have not received the response of the Minister, yet I was expecting it much. I shall not cease to complain, should it be for no other reason than to remind them of their injustice. They like very well to see those they have persecuted resigned and silent: I shall not give them that pleasure.

"Besides the works which we agreed upon, I ask of you, 1st, M. de Bonald, '*Législation Primitive*;' 2d, M. de la Mennais de *l'Indifférence*; 3d, Châteaubriand de *la Monarchie selon la Charte*."

"ALENÇON, June 11.

"Yesterday your two letters, that of the 3d and that of the 9th, reached me at the same time. I had need of them. The uneasiness which I felt in receiving nothing from your dear person began to become anxiety. It would have been folly in you to make a journey when it is so warm. Do not be astonished in regard to the books which I ask you for; you must know that nothing more awakens in me the power of reasoning, and above all of *feeling vividly my ideas*, than the reading of works which combat the truth with a certain force. Besides, in those which I ask you for, one finds true and strong things by the side of the most deplorable sophisms. In a word, Bonald and La Mennais oblige me to rise from my chair, the fire in my face, and to walk in my chamber, assailed with a torrent of vivid and grand ideas. I feel more what I really am in reading the writings of our adversaries than in reading those of our friends; for, in our friends, how certain things trouble me, *ch grin me!* It is only the indignant man who can be true and strong, for indignation has nothing personal in it. I finished yesterday the '*Esprit des Lois*.' The last books, which had almost caused me *ennui* for twenty years, and even thirty, have been singularly pleasing to me this time. I found an explanation of many things, and among others of my sojourn at Alençon. How much time it takes to bring about an emancipation! I yield to necessity, my friend; but Alençon is one of the saddest necessities of the eighty-four departments of the kingdom. I am so lonely! But tell me, ye unfortunate, is it not solitude that you need? Yes, but not this. This is worth nothing to me. I know myself, and I feel that this banishment to Alençon is a frightful misfortune to me. That which I needed was precisely that Arcueil of sweet memory, that solitude at the haven of Paris; that alone remains to work for. But this is my last complaint; you shall have no more of it. Would that I could finish by a *capitolo in terza rima* in praise of our dear Paris! I keep for you your room; you shall choose the apartment on the north side or that on the south side. I occupy the former during the day, and sleep in the latter. I am a great lord, as you see. So, devoted friend, come, you and your Plato; you shall be well received. But you shall come only when the journey can do you good; understand me, when it can do you good; *con e non altrimenti*. O my friend, I am convinced that your philosophy, in the present state of things, would bring great good to men. Are you not frightened to see in Europe great religious and moral truths abandoned almost without defense to the blows of two sorts of men equally opposed to the order and

prosperity of society! Do you not see that victory, on either side, will be only an achievement against true liberty, the alliance of which with true morality is an imperishable law of eternal order? Dear friend, in this strife of evil against good, in this contest between the two principles, (but no; evil is not a principle, it is only an act,) it becomes one's duty to make his voice heard when he has the consciousness of its force. That edition of Proclus, and even that translation of Plato, have crossed your true career. . . . I, my friend, I have health, a tender heart which is full of warmth, an imagination made for that heart; I have a just spirit, but no profundity; and I have an education so defective, or, to speak more truly, I am so ignorant upon a great number of important points, that it becomes an almost insurmountable obstacle to most of the enterprises that I would undertake. I have without doubt a certain practice and a knowledge of the material of affairs which is rarely joined to an ardent imagination; it is this which can make of me a citizen fit to serve my country during the storm and after the storm. But it is in a very differently exalted manner that you can serve human society. I, who have the consciousness of an indefinite lengthening of my moral existence, of my existence of will and freedom, who have it for you and for me,—I earnestly desire that your passage upon the earth may be marked by your influence upon the prosperity of other passengers, no great good being without great reward. You see, my friend, that I love you well, and like a true devotee as I am.

"The Congress of Florence does not cease to run through my head. There is something very odious in that abandonment of the Greeks to the more or less ready vengeance of the enemies of the Christian faith.

"You have commenced the session of the Chambers by the discharge of pistols; that is a touching imitation of English usages. You take what is best from your neighbors; I compliment you for that. As for me, I confess to you that I would prefer that Alençon should be somewhat more like Chester, Nottingham, or some other town of the British empire. Will M. Roger-Collard have occasion to confound his adversaries as he did last winter? I fear that he has not chosen a question worthy of him. Remember me to him: you know my feeling of preference for him; it is of long standing.

"Adieu, my dear friend. I love you because you love me, because you are a Platonist, and because you are a Parisian, and still more for an occult reason which is worth more than all the others because it is not expressed. I felt it yesterday on receiving your two letters after some days of expectation."

"ALENÇON, July 7.

"You recommend to me a commentary on and a refutation of the '*Contract Social*.' It is a fine idea, I own; but I fear that the execution may not be within my power. I prefer to pursue my work commenced on governments. I am occupied in reading Daunou on *Guaranties*. This work has two distinct parts. In the first the author examines as to what constitutes liberty or guaranties; he characterizes them, decomposes them, circumscribes them; all that appears to me in general

well conceived and well done. In the second part, it is sought in what manner different governments grant or limit these guaranties. Here, Daunou is neither sufficiently comprehensive nor sufficiently profound. In my work I shall refer this second part to a point of view rather practical than theoretical, and I shall enter into details for want of which the work of the orator resembles a book of geometry rather than one of politics. Perhaps I shall commence by publishing a small portion of my work; for example, the conciliation of the guaranties which liberty claims with those which force claims, that is military organization, in a free government. It is only one point, it is true; but do you not think, my friend, that the careful farming of a part of the territory that lies fallow is more useful for the advancement of science than a cultivation of the whole, the result of which would be uncertain? There are without doubt geniuses of immense vigor who can lay hold of every thing, like Montesquieu; but I am not one of those. Besides, ours is the time for culture by parcels. We are so far advanced that a vast enterprise, if it is superficial, could not be useful, and perhaps we are not yet ripe for a great enterprise profoundly conceived and perfectly executed. If I could have cultivated well my lot, my dear friend, I should have deserved well of my fellow-men, and should have obtained sufficient reputation to assure and embellish my existence. I have also formed the project of a work on Circumstances; but I fear that I shall not be able to execute it. I had some unwell days at the end of June. Do you know that my head sometimes refuses to work? I have also a troublesome rush of blood to the brain. Woe to me, if I do not take much exercise! And I am yet quite young. I believe I shall be a long time young in tenderness of heart and in the enchantments of the imagination. My mother was only thirteen years old, and there is something in me that responds to this extreme youth of maternity. I feel that I am young, and that I am not completed. My heart alone received the finishing hand.

"Have I told you that Sismondi wrote me a letter filled with kindness? I have received also a letter from Fabvier, of whom I shall speak to you another time, and for a reason."

That letter of Fabvier, and the *ennui* which was visibly gaining on the poor prisoner, and, above all, the need of seeing him again, determined me to go and rejoin him, in spite of my wretched health and the positive orders of my physician, M. Laenneck. I confided to no one my determination; took the diligence, and rode fifty leagues day and night; arrived in the most pitiable condition, but finally did arrive. I occupied one of Santa-Rosa's two chambers, and we lived thus during a month in fraternal intimacy. I have often been sick; more than once affectionate cares have been lavished on me: never have I known such cares as those bestowed by him. It would be impossible

to describe the tenderness which he showed me, and henceforth I shall speak of it no more. This month passed together in absolute solitude completed our union. I could read in his soul, and he in mine, every feeling and every thought. There was manifested the last degree of confidence, and the veils which still covered the most delicate parts of our life were raised, as it were of

their own accord, in those moments of abandon when the firmest souls, reposing in confidence, are no longer troubled with reserve. From that time our intimacy could not be increased, and took at once a character of sweetness and manliness which it always preserved, even during the long years of our separation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIMES.

[Our readers will doubtless be gratified to find that our monthly review of literature will also contain a monthly review of things in general—of contemporary history, both in Europe and on our own continent. We mean a notice of those leading facts which are most significant of the times. Retrospects are not always unpleasant things. People in progress sometimes like to pause, not so much to take breath as to look back over the road they have travelled, and congratulate themselves on the headway they have made. They also feel an interest in the breadth and comprehensiveness of the survey. Now-a-days literature is not merely a matter of abstract refinement, lying apart from the high roads of men. It is bound up with the law of movement, partakes of its impulses, and wherever it lives healthiest, should show a lively sympathy with the business of the human family.]

We hope that, in doing the business of Ariel once a month, putting, as it were, a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, our beneficent Prospero—the public—will smile encouragement, and not withhold the reward of such services.]

FRANCE.—France, after all, takes the attention first, in spite of the splendid and praiseworthy costermongery of the Crystal Palace. Béranger says, very grandly:

“Le sang français des grandes destinées
Trace en tout temps la route au genre humain.”

No doubt she has been a remarkable precursor in great changes, and sometimes leads the van in fine style. She has been a pillar of fire to the nations. But it cannot be denied that she has also been a very bewildering pillar of cloud. She has been alternately

“The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.”

At this moment her tendencies are as uncertain as those of a meteor. What is she about to become? We could make a shrewd guess at the probable condition of any other European government at the end of the next two years. But what France will be at that time nobody can venture to prophesy. Of modern nations she presents the most startling contrasts of elevated heroism and feeble, contented submission. In 1789 she rose, stung with the injuries of a thousand years, and tyrants either perished at her feet or ran from

her angry face, like grasshoppers. Then she cooled down into subserviency to the will of a despotic soldier. She afterwards took back, with a helpless grumble, the Bourbons she had execrated. In a succeeding fit of magnificence she kicked them out again; but clasped a royal Artful Dodger to her bosom instead of liberty. Another vehement eructation, after a time, sent him and his princes, all their regal hopes and household gods, sprawling disastrously against the moon! Then, what but the purest form of republicanism—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the trinity of her old worship! But look again. The noble French nation has discarded its idols of the Provisional days, and put a little Bonaparte at the head of the government. The people forgot the customary Phrygian cap, to fall down and worship the Emperor's old cocked hat! So did not William Tell upon a memorable Austrian occasion.

France seems upon the edge of another explosion: she is always on the edge of something of the kind; and privy conspiracy has its *foyers* in the city of Paris, with affiliations in other places—a very influential one in the English metropolis. In the beginning of last

month a plot was discovered having for its object a general socialist revolution. On the 6th ult., one hundred and twenty-five arrests had been made in consequence. M. Maillard, former secretary of Ledru Rollin, was among those arrested, and it is thought the latter himself is implicated deeply in the business. So the matter stands. The approach of 1852 and the Presidential election deepens the interest of all who work for France or think of her. Louis Napoleon desires to be chosen for another term, shrinking back from the abyss of oblivion into which he should subside on leaving his present seat. He evidently wishes to create an impression that, without his firm rule and measures of coercion, the Republic would be pulled to pieces between the Legitimists on the one hand, and the Red-Republicans on the other; and he relies very much upon that easy class of the *bourgeoisie* which dreads another outbreak and the knocking about of its crockery. There are about "six Richmonds in that field" already, all looking either to the Presidency or to some other shape of authority over the nation. There is the party of Henry of Bordeaux; that of the young "County Paris;" that of the Prince de Joinville, (as President;) that of Louis Napoleon and the cocked hat; that of the moderate Republicans and Cavaignac; that of the Red-Republicans—this last being, as yet, acephalous. A pretty Medea's "kettle of fish," from which to bring forth the renovated France of the next two or three years! The chances of the two first seem feeble, and, we may add, those of the last named. That of the Prince de Joinville is thought to have some sort of promise in it. He is about to offer himself as candidate for the department of Finisterre, hoping to be returned, to have his sentence of banishment repealed, and then to offer himself for the Presidency. MM. Guizot, Duchatel, and other Orleanist leaders, are opposed to this project. Their aims are all royal. They look for a possible union of the two Bourbon branches and the restoration of the monarchy. Berryer, the world-renowned legitimist orator and advocate of Henry V., has spoken with his usual boldness in the French Chamber. He laughs at the idea that France is republican, and asks what signs of republicanism has she been showing for the last two years? France, he says, *cannot* be a republic. "Yes," he exclaims, "I say that the republic is incompatible with the old society of Europe—is utterly unsuited to the genius, wants, manners and feelings of a nation of thirty millions of inhabitants, closely packed together in the same territory, and whose ancestors have been for centuries governed by kings." This is pretty plain speaking—not without some applause. The Mountain roars like the sea in a stiff tempest. But France is not all mountainous; she is a

champaign country, for the most part; and the Berryers are not put out of wind or countenance.

As for Louis Napoleon, he mainly relies upon the great mass of the rural population; those who remember Napoleon, as the Portuguese remember Don Sebastian; those whom Béranger describes in his "Souvenirs du Peuple:"

"Long, long, in many a lowly home,
They'll fondly talk of all his glory;
For half a century to come,
The cot shall know no other story.
There, many a time, at close of day,
The villagers will meet and say:
'Mother, to make the moments fly,
Tell us some tale of days gone by;
What though his rule, they say, was hard,
We keep his memory with delight:
Tell us of him, good grandmother,
Tell us of him to-night?'"

He has the unreasoning instincts of such people on his side. But a strong power is against him if he means to subvert the Constitution. The Generals, Cavaignac and Changarnier, will thwart any of his illegal attempts, and divide the army against him; and Lamartine, to blast his pretensions in their stronghold, pours out his withering denunciations of Napoleon as a vulgar homicide, in his new work, the History of the Restorations. It is commonplace to say that France is the surface of a volcano; but the figure is so appropriate that we adopt it till we can get a better for the purpose.

Two naval squadrons are about to be sent from France: one to cruise on the coast of Italy to watch the disturbances that are beginning to threaten the peninsula; the other to the sea of Japan under a Rear Admiral—a military, scientific, and commercial exploration of those rich lands and waters so long *tabooed* against the Europeans, and now about to be involved in the vortex of progress.

ENGLAND.—In England the noise and excitement of the Crystal Palace are undergoing diminution, and the Church business is beginning to make itself heard the louder. The late law, making the assumption of Catholic Church titles penal, is agitating the empire. In Ireland the hubbub is greatest, as was to be expected, and the Catholic priesthood *protest* as vehemently as the schismatics of the fourteenth century did. A Catholic Association is organized to war against perfidious Albion in the matter of these titles. Ireland, as much of it as the emigration has left behind, is expected to range itself at the back of the Bishops, and the old business of the O'Connell days is making that miserable *terrarium angulus* still more ridiculous and deplorable. The intention of the Irish dignitaries is to assume the forbidden style, and then try the thing in court. The Catholic Church will go

to law with England! In the latter country the majority of the press is opposed to the Catholic claims; even the liberal papers do not find their liberality proof against the traditional dislike of every thing Popish. Punch is death on the Church of Rome! Of course many of our readers have seen (for Punch is no stranger in our American book-shops) the many comicalities, sharper than swords in the end, by which Popery is assailed.

"A thousand 'scapes of wit
Make it the mother of their idle dreams,
And rock it in their fancies."

What a figure the Irish Bishop cuts with the Fiery Cross! And the clerical Wolf and Little Red Riding-hood! But, after all, they may laugh who win. And the titulars will win.

The Crystal Palace will be closed this month. It has turned out to be an excellent thing, even as a trading speculation. It could not fail. The Queen and Prince Albert were to that show what Barnum is to his own, and carried it through right royally. The almost daily attendance of the Queen was enough to sustain the interest of the house, which might otherwise have subsided somewhat. At first the London papers were disposed to disparage our contributions; but a Yankee reaping-machine and the miraculous lock-picking of Mr. Hobbs, of New-York, have made a more lasting practical impression upon a practical people than nearly all the rest of the show put together. But the United States showed, after all, that her best things were not by any means at the Grystalline. Like an ancient knight-errant, riding up alone to the gates of a strange city, and challenging any champion disposed to come forth and fight with him, the very famous little cutter "America" rode the other day into Cowes, where the swiftest keels of England were congregated, and sent a cartel of defiance into the midst of them!

The Yankee craft stepped forth before the rest,
And, Albion, challenged you to run a race!

And she ran it, and won it too, beating the best yacht in England, by tremendous odds, in a course of twenty miles. John Bull stared, as at something extremely unlooked for, and Punch handsomely admitted that instead of "Yankee Doodle-doo," our motto should be Yankee Doodle Doo! Well, this has been fairly acknowledged by the English press to be a fair and undoubted beating—an emphatic proof that on the element which England has been in the habit of calling her own, she is no longer without a superior. Within the last year or so, indeed, Mr. Collins's steamships have been demonstrating the same in the face of the world. The Jupiter Tonans of Printing-house Square admits the fact, and

doubts are for ever dumb. One English paper, the *London Merchant*, speaking the honest conviction of almost the entire press of the country, says: "We write to record our opinion, that the empire of the seas must before long be ceded to America; its persevering enterprise, its great commerce, are certain to secure this prize; nor will England be in a condition to dispute it with her. America, as mistress of the ocean, must overstride the civilized world." Not such a great misfortune for the world, that! America will do nothing unladylike, thank God. She will not overstride the world to plunder and maltreat it. Meantime, England will keep her supremacy, we perceive, as long as she may: Cunard is building four iron screw steam-ships, the first to be ready for the billows on New-Year's Day.

England can boast her golden territories as well as ourselves. Gold has been discovered in the earth at several places in New South Wales, and a placer has been opened at Bathurst. Every thing is in apple-pie order at these diggings. The Governor-General has issued a proclamation prohibiting the search for gold unless with a government license; and though the diggers are digging as men do every where who dig for gold, eagerly and energetically, they are doing so under regulations. A deposit bank was about to be set up at the placer, to be supported from the license money. This would secure the winnings of the searchers, who, it is said, average half an ounce each per day. Mr. Stuchbury, the geologist of the colony, has reported very favorably of this golden discovery.

Gold has also been discovered in the valley of the river Chaudière, in Lower Canada. About five hundred Americans and several persons from New-Brunswick have been prospecting there during the summer. The mineral region, it is said, extends over a surface of 3,000 square miles, the gold being found in the bed of the stream and in the neighboring hills.

A letter has been published from Dr. John Rae, regarding his efforts for the discovery of Sir John Franklin, dated Fort Confidence, Great Bear Lake, Oct. 14th, 1850. He proposed going in the spring of this year, 1851, twenty days' march to the northward between Victoria and Wollaston's Lands. He ultimately proposed to descend the Copper Mine river, in June or July, when the ice should be broken up. He seems confident of falling in with Sir John. This is not impossible, if he should journey through that "dark valley," which it is generally believed poor Sir John has reached long before now.

Ireland seems to be making spasmodic efforts about the Church-in-danger. But she is

mainly busied in running away. If the Irish could remove their country from her anchorage and set her afloat, like another Delos, they would ferry her over and moor her under the lee of New-Jersey shore. As they cannot, they leave the wreck, and escape in hundreds of thousands. The emigration from Ireland is increasing in an enormous degree, and will continue to increase till about two or three millions will only be left in the old island. It is the island of a thousand undeveloped resources, and we should not wonder if some of our Yankee speculators went and settled in it. It is a wealthier island naturally than Cuba. An American colony upon it would be the signal of its regeneration.

GERMANY.—The news from Germany is interesting. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia promulgate their designs of restoring despotism to its old rights. The Emperor of Austria, with an honest ferocity, has doomed the Constitution of March, 1849, to the flames—that Constitution for which people said the Austrians and Hungarians should have been so grateful. He will govern for the future with the help of a Council of Ministers,—at the head of whom, from present appearances, is to be placed once more that ancient prop of absolutism, Prince Metternich,—which is to give its opinion whenever he has a mind to ask for it. Like Louis XIV., he will throw his sword on the council-table, and say: “L’état, c’est moi!” This proceeding has greatly agitated the good people of Vienna, who sent him scampering to the Tyrol, along with his uncle Ferdinand, in 1848. The King of Prussia has muzzled the *Cologne Gazette*; has let it know it must no longer meddle with the discussion of public affairs! In the mean time there is a knot of Thrasylbuluses in London, who watch the “thirty tyrants” of that German land. They have set about publishing revolutionary pamphlets, and are in communication with the discontented people of the continent. High Holborn is their *pou sto*; and with this fulcrum they try to move the Teutonic world to independence. Dr. Tausenau is their president. The English Government, though sympathizing little with their republicanism, or with that of the Italian patriots, who also sit and plot within the sound of Bow bells, must tolerate them. So will the democratic genius of England—which has still an influence in the land, and which is yet destined to put down the tyrannies and abuses that obscure and weaken it just now.

THE HUNGARIANS.—Kossuth and his companions—five only were latterly left with him—were to have been liberated on the 15th ult., and sent from Kutahia to England, on

their way, it is reported, to the United States. For the last two years, Turkey kept the Hungarians imprisoned, under awe of the threats of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. The Ottoman Porte has been praised for not surrendering them. We cannot see how it can escape condemnation for not permitting them to pass freely through and from its independent and neutral dominions. Kossuth has expressed his doubts of his release at the appointed time, in a letter addressed to Mr. Horne of our embassy at Constantinople. He feared for the feebleness of Turkey, and told Mr. Horne he had little hopes from the influence of America in the matter; inasmuch as the American government and the American press took always occasion to declare that the Republic would not meddle in the affairs of other countries. This policy Kossuth evidently deplores. He said it was doubtless suitable to the infant fortunes of the States; but would be certain, in our times, to weaken the influence which such a powerful and enlightened nation should possess, and make our sympathies as a people good for nothing. This is not the place to discuss so important and delicate a question as this. That wise policy which has done so much for freedom here, and free opinion every where, can only become more efficient for the good of others by the increased influence which the growth of America will give her in the affairs of the world, as the wings of her eagle spread wider, as her commerce and population grow, and the maritime supremacy of the world (see the English papers) passes over to our flag. America, strong enough to be the arbiter of nations, must, by a *law of necessity* which certainly will have no reservations here, be all that the best friends of liberty can desire. Her word will yet have the force of law in the world; and she will not greatly need to knock any one down. But if any one should insist on being knocked down for misconduct, why, that alters the case somewhat.

ITALY.—This noble and unhappy old peninsula is angry and restless, and her peoples are longing for the power to punish their tyrants. At Rome the *transteverini* hate the French cordially, and the latter feel ashamed of their duty as army of occupation for the Pope. As the Italians are debarred the use of the *stylus*, in its more legitimate character, they change it to the *stiletto*, and use it whenever they can, upon the persons of their enemies. An attempt was made to assassinate the Director of Police the other day. The chambers of one of the Roman Secretaries of State were lately opened and examined by the police—doubtless with the authority of Pius IX. In Naples, Lombardy, and the other governments, despotism is clinging to the people, as

the great snake coils itself round the tortured family of Laocoön. The rulers are every where more cautious than they were previous to 1848. Their military forces and police are increased, and organized on the most determined principles of tyrant government. But the cause of liberty is indestructible, and we may expect to hear, from time to time, of some terrible outbreaks against the native or foreign governors of Italy.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

At the commencement of last month, news, previously received, of the failure of the Cuban expedition, were fully confirmed. The enterprise was as helpless as that of Cardenas, and much more fatal. About 160 men have been sent to Spain as prisoners; 22 are unaccounted for; the remainder of about 460 who went with Lopez in the Pampero have been put to death one way or the other. Having landed at Bahia Honda on the 12th August, Lopez marched inland, leaving Colonel Crittenden with 130 men to guard the baggage. Next morning, Crittenden, on his way to join Lopez, was attacked by the Queen's troops, and forced to retreat to the shore. Seeing that no Creole had joined in the enterprise, he embarked his men in boats, intending to return to Florida. But he was taken with about fifty others, and all were shot in files at Havana. In the mean time, Lopez, with about 350 men, was attacked by General Enna. The latter was killed and his men repulsed. But Lopez lost thirty men in killed and wounded. In this battle, instead of one of those used by the warriors of antiquity to make their soldiers fight with alacrity, he used a cow-hide applied to the backs of his men! So says Lieutenant Van Vechten; though, considering he is one of those pardoned by the Spaniards, and expected to give an account of the expedition, his evidence must be taken *cum grano salis*. Next day Lopez was again attacked, and though his followers kept the Spaniards in check for some time, against formidable odds, he was forced to retreat to the mountains. He and his men wandered through them drearily without food or shelter, for a week, during which time one hundred and twenty-five of them were glad to feast on a horse. On the 23d, they were once more attacked and dispersed, and only seven men remained with Lopez. On the 26th, having had but one meal for six days, they went into a house, where they got food. But, leaving it, they were surrounded by the country people and taken prisoners. Thus ended the last expedition against Cuba, fourteen days after the invasion of the island. Lopez was taken to

Havana, and died with fortitude, by the *garotte*.

The moral of these attempts on Cuba seems to be, that it is vain to try and liberate any people from without—vain to try and liberate any people which is not fit for liberty. The Cubans—Creoles and others—did not lift a finger in aid of Lopez, proving that they are a slavish population, and unfit for the institutions and duties of self-government. The seeds of liberty are not of such rapid growth. Liberty cannot be *improvised*, nor made permanent without the proper education of the national mind. The Cubans are a cowardly race, and deserve none of our sympathy. Those whom Lopez would have enfranchised were the most eager to run him down with blood-hounds, and betray him—the country people of Cuba. Sympathizers will pause a long time before they again try to kindle a revolution in Cuba.

THE THREE GLORIOUS DAYS OF BOSTON.—We doubt whether, since the day she threw the royal souchong into the bay, Boston ever felt so proud of herself as on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of last month—days which are set among her municipal Fasti, as the three glorious days of 1851! This jubilee of amicable Septembrisers was held to celebrate the formation of those lines of railway in the northern part of this continent, which promise to promote in a very gainful and fraternal manner the general intercourse of the Canadians and our people, and give greater life and scope to the commercial interests of North America. Very liberally and cordially did the Bostonians meet the expensive occasion, and not less cordially did the Canadians of all ranks accept their hospitality and reciprocate their feelings of courtesy and brotherhood. The first charter for a railway was granted twenty years ago in Massachusetts, and now the State is covered with a net-work of iron roads, comprising seven trunk-lines, with a large family of branches. The roads within the State employ a capital of about fifty-two millions a year, the yearly revenue of which is considered to be about six and a half millions. Her population, something less than a million, is amply supplied with locomotive advantages.

On the 17th, a great number of the civil and military authorities of Canada, and other subjects of Her Majesty, had already come into Boston, and been escorted to the several chief hotels. On that day they were carried about the city to see the notabilities, and, of course, taken to Charlestown to survey the star-y-pointing obelisk of Bunker-Hill. The next day, President Fillmore having come to town, a large steamer took him and the chief guests on an excursion down the harbor, attended by a crowd of floating craft and by all

the sights and sounds of general festivity. By the time the aquatic tour was completed, Lord Elgin, Governor-General of the Canadas, attended by his brother, Colonel Bruce, and Lord Mark Kerr, was received at the Western Railway Station by the Mayor. On arriving at the Revere House, the descendant of a long line of ancestry—honorable, too, as bearing the name of Bruce, (passing by Lord Byron's splenetic Curse of Minerva pronounced on the Earl's father, we believe, for bringing the friezes of the Parthenon, and other sculptures, from Athens to England)—went across the hall of the same hotel to pay the homage due to the head of this Republic, to the son of a plain Yankee farmer. In the evening, the Earl distributed himself among three or four reception rooms of the Boston aristocracy.

The next was the superlative last day of the Jubilee. The whole population seemed to have come to the windows or into the streets; and bunting enough for five hundred armies flew from roofs and spires, and arched and draped the thoroughfares appointed for the route of the procession. In eleven large divisions it took up its pilgrimage,

"And wound, with blithesome march, its long array,"

to the pulsations of many drums and the inspiring noise of wind instruments; while such multitudes of faces looked and cheered from the houses on each side, "you would have thought the very windows spake." The authorities and chief societies of Boston marched—the military divisions, Lord Elgin, Governor Boutwell, the Canadian ministry, the Canadian guests; and then the trades, a long and highly interesting line. The President was suffering from cold, and did not appear in the procession. The dinner in the pavilion on the Common was a grand affair. Between three and four thousand persons occupied seats at a cold collation of things, but warmed by a good deal of fraternal enthusiasm. President Fillmore sat to the banquet, but only for a short time. Not being able to stay till the close, he spoke his speech, by anachronism, before dinner, and left the hall to proceed to Washington.

After his departure, several excellent speeches were made by Lord Elgin, the Hon. Mr. Everett, Hon. Mr. Winthrop, the Hon. Mr. Howe, of Canada, and others; all full of the spirit of the occasion. At dusk the party broke up to see the fire works on the Common. Lord Elgin left the city next morning. And thus terminated a celebration which, drawing the people of the British Provinces into closer contact and sympathy than heretofore with our citizens, must foster a partiality for our ways and institutions, and ultimately result in greater political independence on one side, and greater commercial advantages on the other.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT ROCHESTER, held simultaneously with the Boston Jubilee, vied with the latter in the splendor and interest of its concomitants. It was worthy of the imperial State of New-York, so rich in all natural endowments. The display of agricultural products, farming implements, manufactured articles, cattle, poultry, &c., was magnificent, and the multitudes that crowded to the Fair from all parts, Americans and colonists, were not less remarkable than the thing itself. The Canadians distinguished themselves in several departments, and seemed as much resolved to make themselves happily at home as their brethren in Boston. Lord Elgin dropped into the Fair on his way to the latter city, and looked about him with great interest, particularly at a gorgeous collection of horses, blood horses, and so forth. Governor Hunt was there; ex-Governors Marcy and Morton, and also ex-President Tyler, General Wool, and other notabilities. A grand dinner wound up the affair in a very splendid and harmonious manner; and at the conclusion it was resolved that this Fair should henceforth be an annual one.

On the 10th of last month a large body of armed negroes at Christiana, Pa., resisted the attempts of Mr. Gorsuch, of Maryland, (accompanied by five others,) to reclaim two of his fugitive slaves. Mr. Gorsuch was killed, and his son and nephew desperately wounded. The negroes numbered sixty or seventy, and fought with the most determined ferocity. Under the prompt action of the United States Marshal, from forty to fifty colored persons were arrested; and the law of the United States will be vindicated in this affair in the trial which takes place this month.

One hundred and twenty-eight Hungarians lately arrived in this country from Shumla. Their delegates, Captains Britch, Lichtenstein and Bukovitz, had a recent interview with the President at Washington, introduced by Major Tochman, husband of the late Mad'le Jagello. The President welcomed them to America, and hoped Koesuth would come soon and settle in this country. The Hungarians were on their way to New-Buda in Ohio, where Governor Ujhazy and others of his nation have already settled. Mr. Corkoran—the name shows that he is a son or descendant of old Ireland—has paid \$1,700 for the passage of one hundred of these Hungarians to their destination. Not to be outdone in generosity, the railroad companies have resolved to carry them free, so that they will have the cash to purchase implements of farming and other industry when they get to the West.

OREGON.—Oregon is going ahead almost as fast as California. Some time ago six steam

vessels were expected to be on its rivers by this time. The editor of the *Spectator* has been through the valley of Tualatin, where an academy has been formed, and gives a highly favorable account of the fertility of its soil and the salubrity of its atmosphere. Much the largest part of the immigration to Oregon was from the Council Bluffs rendezvous. Governor Gaines and General Lane have been fighting with the Indians. The latter had entered their territory, killed forty or fifty of them, and driven the rest into the mountains. He brought away thirty prisoners. The number of the Indian tribes which the settlers have to contend with in Oregon shows the fertility of the soil and the excellent natural resources of the country.

MEXICO.—This country seems to be in a precarious and unpromising condition; she never, in fact, seemed to be in any other for a long time past. Just now it is threatened with rebellion and the loss of some of its northern provinces, among which are Tamaulipas and New-Leon. The leaders in the business of revolution are Carabajal and Gov. Cardenas. They are to be assisted by a large body of Texan rangers recently disbanded, and do not expect much resistance from the Federal troops. This enterprise has been concocted for some time, and great hopes of its success are entertained. Scarcity of provisions in consequence of a long and severe drouth is felt in the northern States of Mexico, and doubtless adds to the popular discontent, and excites wishes for some change in that quarter. An outbreak took place lately at Vera Cruz, the people of which appealed against the taxation which weighs upon them. They assembled to lay their complaint before the Ayuntamiento. The latter ordered some soldiers to be present at the interview, which sent the people back to their houses for their arms. Then began an angry parley, and the argument grew into a general fusillade. Three persons were killed and half a dozen wounded in this business, when the National Guard came out with can-

nons, sided with the people, and obliged the Ayuntamiento to come to terms and respect the demands of the citizens. Another outbreak had occurred at Durango, in consequence of want of provisions, and several lives were lost in the struggle. It is thought that the three thousand Cuban sympathizers who were ready to be wafted from New-Orleans to Cuba when news arrived of the defeat and death of Lopez will transfer themselves westward, and, under Carabajal, Cardenas, or some other leaders, endeavor to win new States from the Spanish-descended people of the mainland. Mexico is not insensible to her own distracted condition or the designs of her enemies within and without. The Senate had passed an act recommending all the Spanish American Republics to unite in an offensive and defensive alliance, establish a uniform political system, a general act of trade and commerce, and tribunal for the settlement of differences, &c. In the State of Guanajuata a *pronunciamento* was recently made in favor of Santa Anna. It is scarcely possible for Mexico, so torn by internal dissensions, to be able to bring about any harmonious action of the South American Republics—all as restless and angry as mosquitoes.

NEW-GRENADA has been lately in the jaws of insurrection. It is said to have been excited by the Jesuits who were lately driven from the country. The government of New-Grenada is going on the plan of radical reform, and has the support of the people. General Borrero, who headed a body of malcontents in Antioquia, was defeated by the troops of the executive.

General Flores, the absconding President of Ecuador, recently left Peru to go and head an insurrection in Ecuador which was intended to co-operate with the outbreak in New-Grenada. Flores is said to be the stipendiary of Lord Palmerston, and the subordinate of Mr. Chatfield, the English envoy; he lately resided at Costa Rica. Some years ago he arranged a plan by which Spain could bring back all the runaway Republics and make them colonies of Spain again.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A series of most admirable discourses by a profound and pious thinker, on a subject of universal application and interest. We enrich our page by the following extract from the preface, remarkable for its force and beauty:—

"Could we write the history of mankind as it will be read by the Judge of all the earth in the last day, how much of earth's freedom, and order, and peace would be found to have distilled, through quiet and secret channels, from the fountain full and exhaustless of this single prayer. It has hampered the wickedness which it did not altogether curb; and it has nourished individual goodness and greatness in the eminence of which whole nations and ages have rejoiced.

"What forming energy has gone forth from the single character of Washington, upon the destinies of our own land and people, not only in the days of our Revolution, but through each succeeding year! He only who reads that heart which He himself has fashioned, can fully and exactly define the various influences which served to mould the character of that eminent patriot; yet every biographer has attributed much of what George Washington became to the parental training and the personal traits of his mother. To Paulding, in his *Life of Washington*, we owe the knowledge of the fact, that this Christian matron daily read to her household, in the youth of her son, the Contemplations of Sir Matthew Hale, the illustrious and Christian Judge. The volume is yet cherished in the family as an heirloom, and bears the marks of much use; and one of its essays, 'The Good Steward,' is regarded by the biographer as having especially left its deep and indelible traces on the principles and character of the youth whom God was rearing for such high destinies. And certainly, either by the direct influence of the book and its lessons on the son, or by their indirect effect upon him through that parent revering and daily consulting the book, the Christian jurist and statesman of Britain seems, in many of his characteristic traits, to have reappeared in this the warrior and patriot to whom our own country gives such earnest and profound gratitude. The sobriety, the balanced judgment, the calm dignity, the watchful integrity shunning the appearance of evil, the tempered moderation, the controlling good sense, carried to a rare degree that made it mightier than what is commonly termed genius,—all were kindred traits, strongly developed in the character alike of the English and of the American worthy. In Washington's character, this seems among its strangest and rarest ornaments, its judicial serenity maintained amidst the fierce conflicts of a revolu-

tion; the composure of the Areopagus carried into the struggles of Thermopylae.* Now the work of Hale, thus the household manual in the dwelling of the youthful Washington, contains a long, labored, and minute series of Meditations on the Lord's Prayer. How much of the stern virtue that shone serenely over the troubled strifes of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and over the shameless profligacy and general debasement of the restored Stuarts, came from the earnest study of that Prayer, only the Last Day can adequately show. We can see, from the space it occupies in Hale's volume, what share the supplication had in his habitual and most sacred recollections. We seem to recognize, in his earnest, importunate deprecation of the sins from which society held him singularly free, and in his urgent and minute supplications for all grace and for those especial excellences in which his age and land pronounced him to have most eminently attained, the secret of his immunity and his virtue. Is it fanciful or credulous to infer that, directly or indirectly, in his own acquaintance personally with the work, or in his inherited admiration of the author's character, our Washington derived his kindred excellences from Hale; and that healing virtue thus streamed from the robes of the Saviour on the mount, as He enunciated this form of supplication—streamed across wide oceans and intervening centuries, into the heart and character and influence of him whom our people delight to hail as the Father of his Country?

"No human analysis can disintegrate from the virtue, and freedom, and prosperity of modern Christendom, the proportion and amount of it which is distinctly owing to the influence of this single supplication."

The Religion of Geology, and its connected Sciences.

By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

These admirable lectures form one of the most valuable contributions to the subject that has yet appeared in so popular a form. The eminent author has devoted many years to the elucidation of the harmony between the inspired Revelation and the discoveries and conclusions of modern scientific research in the magnificent field of Geology and its kindred sciences, (one of the grandest subjects of human contemplation,) and has brought to the task a mind thoroughly furnished both as a theologian and a scientific savan. We regard the arguments which he puts forth as impregnable both as

* "Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion could weaken, Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter: Lord of his own resolves—of his own heart absolute master."

SOUTHEY (of Washington) in his *Vision of Judgment*.

against the skeptical materialist on the one hand, and those who still contend for the literal interpretation of the Scriptures on the other. There can be no more profitable study than this work to all parties.

The Epoch of Creation: The Scripture Doctrine Contrasted with the Geological Theory. By ELEAZAR LORD. With an Introduction, by RICHARD W. DICKENSON, D.D. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We place our notice of this work in juxtaposition with that of the above, inasmuch as it is an argument directly upon the other side of the question discussed by President Hitchcock. It is undoubtedly able; the best argument, as a whole, on its side, that has come under our notice. Yet we must confess that to our mind it is utterly insufficient, and we fear not calculated to do the good intended by its author.

If the meaning and intention of the first chapter of Genesis, and other parts of Scripture that have any reference to natural facts and phenomena, is at all an open question, (and how it can be considered otherwise we cannot conceive, when so many of the learned and pious have argued it.) it is certainly most rational to adopt the view that best harmonizes with what at least appears to us to be the facts and legitimate deductions of science. The whole superstructure of modern Geology, as a science of principles, Mr. Lord denies, or at least doubts; its deductions, which come from the very necessity of our reasoning upon its facts, he ignores; and he would have us draw no inferences—eliminate no *laws*; although he must be aware that such deductions and such inferences of laws are every day being confirmed by new facts predicted from such deductions and inferences. Such views are in our opinion in conflict with human development and progress, both intellectually and religiously. The facts of the great arcana of Nature are but the frame-work—if we may so speak—of the informing spirit of *Law*; and it is this latter alone that appeals to the highest principles in the intellectual nature of man. To discover the *principles* of things has been the great educational stimulant of our nature through all ages, and the desire has been implanted in the human soul by the Author of Nature for this highest of all purposes. Can we then believe a theory that will only allow the mind to store up barren facts? Mr. Abbott observes, speaking of the topography of that wonderful region, the valley of the Nile: "The human mind, connected with a pair of eagle's wings, would have solved the mystery of Egypt in a week; whereas science, philosophy, and research, confined to the surface of the ground, have been occupied for twenty centuries in accomplishing the undertaking." So from the mount of God, with the eye of inspiration, Moses might have revealed to us the structure of the earth, as well as the fact of its construction; might have demonstrated to us the mathematics of the heavens, as well as stated the simple and sublime fiat that bade them be and they were. But this, even we can see sufficient reason for not doing. It is not the highest purpose to know the

facts or even the laws of things or existences, but to be morally and intellectually developed by these—to become a conscious thought, worthy and capable of being the *appreciator* of the great Creator and Pervader of all.

The Works of Shakspeare: The Text carefully restored according to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. HUDSON, A.M. In eleven volumes. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Company. Volumes I. and II.

We have looked with much interest for this edition of the *great master*, since it was announced as in preparation, knowing as we did the eminent qualifications of the editor for his task. Several of the essays of Mr. Hudson which have been contributed to the columns of this Review, and afterwards published among his Lectures, have made our readers acquainted with his profound study of the bard, and the remarkable powers of criticism and analysis which he exhibits in his elucidations of the wonders and beauties of his plays. We beg to refer our readers to Mr. H.'s editorial preface for what he designs, and we doubt not will accomplish in this edition. We have little doubt but it will be altogether the best popular edition yet published. The volumes before us are executed in a most admirable style, both in matter and manner, with observations and notes both judicious and acute; printed on beautiful paper, with remarkably clear and elegant type. They are of the duodecimo form, of all others the most convenient for so constant a necessity as Shakspeare. We predict an unbounded popularity for the work.

Drayton: A Story of American Life. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The slight glance which we have been able to bestow upon this volume hardly enables us to judge of its merits. The story is a truly American one,—the career of a youth of genius, rising from a shoemaker's apprentice to the highest honors of the bar. The style is somewhat inflated, and yet there is a facility of narrative and expression which, whilst that indicates an unpractised hand, this gives promise of a capacity for something better.

Literary Reminiscences, from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

These will probably be the most popular of this elegant series of volumes of the miscellaneous writings of De Quincey, by this enterprising house. The wonderful grace and beauty of his language, the shrewd observation, the profound analytical capacity, and the appreciative sympathy with all that is either refined or great in literature, qualify this author, we had almost said beyond all others, for such a purpose as is undertaken in these

essays: namely, to represent to us the great literary geniuses of his time and acquaintance—Davy, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Edward Irving, Talfourd, &c. These, with the many most interesting circumstances of his own literary career, will make the work a never-failing favorite with all for whom literature has charms beyond the vulgar things of sense.

Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a "quaint and curious volume," but of such unquestionable genius that no one with the faintest appreciation of quiet and truthful earnestness of character, and with any taste for simplicity of antique modes of thought and speech, can open it without being fascinated by the quiet and quaint pictures that the author, with such skill, maketh to pass before his mental eye. It is altogether wholesome and good.

Io: A Tale of the Olden Fane. By K. BARTON. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

We must reserve our judgment of this book for a better opportunity of perusal. The scene is laid in ancient Greece, and the author has evidently a feeling of classic enthusiasm. His manner and style is, however, strained and overwrought. Such, at least, is the impression that the opening chapters make upon us.

Episodes of Insect Life. By ACH'TA DOMESTICA, M.E.T. Second Series. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

This volume is no less attractive and beautiful than the first, of which we have already expressed our opinion. Truly admirable contributions they are to popular scientific knowledge, with all the grace and attractiveness of fairy tales, notwithstanding their accuracy of detail and minuteness of scientific knowledge. There is no falling off in the elegance with which the enterprising publisher has gotten up the work. We know of no such centre-table attraction.

Seallows Barn; or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion. By J. P. KENNEDY. Revised edition, with twenty Illustrations by Strother. New-York: George P. Putnam.

Familiar as the name of this book has been to us, we had not, before this beautiful edition was put into our hands, seen it; and although we were prepared to expect a work of no ordinary merit from our knowledge of the later and graver writings of the distinguished author, we confess to having our expectations more than realized. To our fresh enthusiasm over this elegant edition, with its humorous and graceful illustrations, and clear brilliant type, it appears a worthy companion of the somewhat similar volumes of Washington Irving; not unlike his Bracebridge Hall, of—shall we say!—equal grace and humor, with the advantage of being more national in its

subject, scenery, and treatment. We can promise all those who have not read it a treat; and those who read the first edition, now so long since published, will eagerly possess themselves of this new one.

Elements of Thought; or Concise Explanations of the Principal Terms employed in the several Branches of Intellectual Philosophy. By ISAAC TAYLOR. New-York: William Gowans. Second American, from the Ninth London Edition.

By giving the full title of this little work, and adding our testimony to the many before us of the admirable manner in which the design of the author has been executed, we perform a duty to the public as well as to the publisher. To the student of philosophy, with whom so much depends upon the proper definition and clear understanding of terms, this work should never be wanting.

The Sea and the Sailor; Notes on France and Italy; and other Literary Remains of Rev. Walter Colton. With a Memoir, by Rev. HENRY T. Cheever. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have had occasion to notice the several other works of this pleasant and popular author. This is probably the most interesting of the series, making us acquainted as it does with the personal history of the author, and exhibiting more fully the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his accomplishments.

Vagamundo; or the Attaché in Spain. Including a brief Excursion into the Empire of Morocco. By JOHN ESAIAS WARREN. New-York: Charles Scribner.

Mr. Warren has given us in this work his adventures, feelings, and reflections during a six months' residence in Spain.

Entering as he does truly into the very spirit of that most romantic land, with a ready pen and enthusiastic temperament, he could not well, and has not failed to make a charming book. His style suits his subject, and his subject his style; and therefore we may predict that his book will be a favorite.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.

This republication is, we believe, a fac-simile of the original Edinburgh edition of this popular miscellany. This, therefore, will be sufficient to say of the neatness and taste with which it is issued. The name of Chambers is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the contents.

A Wreath around the Cross; or Scripture Truths Illustrated. By Rev. A. MORTON BROWN. With a Recommending Preface by JOHN ANGELL JAMES. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The purpose of this work, and the recommendation with which it comes, will insure its welcome among the class of readers for whom it is designed.



J. D. Smith Sc.

LESLIE COOMBS.